

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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George Julian Zolnay

DETAIL OF PROPOSED "MAINE" MEMORIAL

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK APRIL SECOND 1898

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S plan of intervention in Cuba seems inspired wholly by humanity: it is to insist upon the relief of suffering and to feed the starving by national appropriation instead of depending any longer upon voluntary contributions. Any nation but Spain, yet as poor as Spain, might be expected to welcome so humane and generous an offer, but as the destruction of any element of Cuban population from which the insurgents' ranks could be recruited is an important feature of Spain's campaign against rebellion, the effect of insistence upon President McKinley's plan may be quite as disturbing as a military demonstration. The privations and sufferings of hundreds of thousands of non-combatants in Cuba have not been overstated by newspaper correspondents, for all that had been printed was little when compared with the statements of Senator Proctor, a keen, dispassionate observer, and Senator Gallinger, who is also a surgeon and physician of high repute.

THE army and navy bills now before Congress, with those that have become laws within a month, bid fair to put the nation in a fair condition for defense against any foreign foe. From the later days of Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and Admiral Porter, down to the present time, our ablest military and naval authorities have called attention to our deplorably weak coast defenses, the smallness of the navy and the lack of any intelligent plan for enlarging the army in time of need. Such coast defense work as had been authorized, up to the date of the *Maine* incident, was so incomplete that heavy guns for the forts were without mounts, without even men to prevent Spaniards stealing them, and the most populous and prosperous of civilized nations has been obliged to humiliate itself by searching the markets of the world for ships and ordnance that should have been made at home. The destruction of the *Maine* has made it impossible that the old conditions can return; new artillery regiments are organizing, and new battleships, a swarm of new torpedo boats, and army and naval reorganization are under way, and no one is complaining of the expense.

LORD SALISBURY'S retirement from the British Cabinet and from the leadership of the Conservatives is not likely to cause any change of British policy. The present Cabinet is a union or coalition body, having been so made by opposition in both parties to Gladstone's last plan of home rule for Ireland, and its member who is most likely to succeed to the Premiership is the Duke of Devonshire, a life-long Liberal, who, as Marquis of Hartington, was prominent in Gladstone Cabinets. Another old Liberal—a violent Radical, indeed—in the present Cabinet is Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. Neither of the gentlemen named, however, can aspire to the leadership of the Conservatives proper; in this position Salisbury will probably be succeeded by his nephew and apt pupil, Mr. Balfour, who by birth, breeding and taste is entirely to the Conservative liking.

FRANCE'S mobilization of her navy close to the English shores has been making a world of excitement in British government circles. The relations of the two countries have been severely strained several times in the last three years, but never more so than they are at present. France is opposing British policy in China and is persistently traversing British lines in central Africa; possibly the two powers would have come to blows on the Niger last year had either possessed a force large enough to be called an army. To make matters worse, the present French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, chances to be abler than his predecessors in late years, and has manifested great skill in eluding the traps of British diplomats. Britain's Channel fleet is out, and the reserves are to follow, so France's purpose, also her possible allies, must soon be manifested.

A MONUMENT TO THE MAINE

THAT the destruction in Havana Harbor, on February 15, of the United States battleship *Maine*, with the consequent loss of two hundred and sixty American seamen, deeply moved the nation no one who noted the spontaneous outburst of grief and indignation which arose from all parts of the country can deny.

Sectional differences, often bitter, and political rivalries, always strong, were for the moment merged in the face of a common calamity. National, in every sense, were the demonstrations of sorrow. National, too, was the stern and instant call for retribution, if it be proved that design, not accident, lay at root of the disaster. From the chief actors in the tragedy, however, and from the highest officials of their government, the American people learned a splendid lesson of self-restraint. With exception of those penny journals that pander to a class of readers unthinking or perverse, the popular attitude was one of impressive dignity and patience. Captain Sigsbee's already famous dictum, "Withhold judgment," met with a generous response. Congress, too long committed to rash measures and radical policies, preserved a discreet silence. The Executive, unhampered by restive legislators, took prompt and efficient action. In a word, the nation rose, as a nation, to meet a crisis unparalleled in history. It was not in anticipation of the Board of Inquiry's verdict, nor in the hope of frightening Spain by warlike demonstrations, that the emergency appropriation of \$50,000,000 became a law. It was rather to assure the President that he had behind him, in any event, a people united and prepared. More powerful than the largest army war could mobilize, mightier than the strongest squadron yet afloat, was the moral force of that magnificent unanimity.

While, at the hour of this writing, the report of the Board of Investigation has not yet been published, and while all guesses at its findings are necessarily unwise and inconclusive, it may be well to review the sentiments inspired by the calamity and consider the fitness of erecting a monument to its victims.

In the first place, we may properly regard the manner of their death as honorably equivalent to death in battle, since it was in the service of their country and in performance of defensive duties—namely, the safeguarding of American interests at Havana—that they died. Furthermore, we may safely assume that the fact of their nationality was more or less responsible for the awful fate which befell them. Dispatched on a dangerous though ostensibly friendly errand, in a time of extreme tension, to the harbor of a power whose relations with the United States were notoriously strained and against whose protest she was sent, the *Maine* entered Havana with decks cleared for action, admittedly uncertain of her welcome. That welcome, alas, was only too swift in coming. And when the civilized world read with horror, on Wednesday morning, February 16, of her destruction, the thought took shape in every mind: "Could it have been an accident?" If it were, then indeed had Fate caught those poor sailors in unexampled toils; if not—but here ominous silence fell. Busy as was the public mind with the portentous problem of war or peace, the public heart did not forget the human pathos of the situation. The story of that simple burial in foreign soil touched a deep chord in the people's heart. So, while Justice listened for the verdict, and Retribution waited with drawn sword, Grief was laying wreaths upon graves of the nation's dead.

It only remains now to crystallize the sentiment of the nation and perpetuate the memory of its dead sailors by erecting an appropriate memorial.

We are privileged in the present number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY to offer a suggestion as to the form this memorial should take. The monument, for which Mr. Zolnay has made the design, has several substantial merits. It is simple, it is dignified, it is national. Simple with the radiant unity of a harmonious conception; dignified with the sufficing reticence of art; national with the true spirit of the nation's sorrow. There is no discordant note, no disquieting suggestion, no touch that Time might soften or erase. Serene, yet stern, with the sea or the wide waters of the bay for background, it would stand a monument worthily commemorative not alone of our lost battleship, nor of the sailors who went down with her, but a perennially inspiring tribute to our national self-control.

The group reproduced on our front page, while intimately related to the rest of the design, forms in itself an integral point of interest. It shows forth very vividly the state of public feeling engendered by the disaster. On the one hand Grief, personified in the kneeling figure of a woman with a child in arms; on the other, Retribution, exquisitely suggested by a boyish figure in an attitude of indignant protest; between the two, laying on one a soothing hand, sits Columbia, beautiful, implacable, leaning on her sword. "Suspend judgment" she seems about to say.

The monument, as a whole, is illustrated and described on another page, but we cannot refrain here from commending Mr. Zolnay's work to the consideration of whatever art commission may be selected to adjudicate upon the merits of the various designs. We are confident that it will meet the approval not of artists alone, but of that ultimate tribunal, popular judgment, as a truly great rendering of an impulse truly national.

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

THE Editor takes especial pleasure in the announcement that, commencing with the present number, COLLIER'S WEEKLY will contain each week an essay from the pen of Mrs. Meynell.

For such of our readers as have kept in touch with contemporary English letters there is little need to signal this announcement. For others, not so fortunate, a word, less appreciative than introductory, may not be amiss.

Mrs. Meynell's fame, both as poet and essayist, is unique. Her numbers, first made public in a volume called "Preludes," fell upon ears few but finely attuned. Poets distinguished in these verses the true poetic note, and literary England listened. Listened, alas, in vain; for, notwithstanding the highest critical encouragement, Mrs. Meynell abandoned her sweetly modulated muse and betook herself to the task of beautifying prose, or rather of rendering articulate its beauties. Herein she has won the highest meed, one may safely say, that a woman has won in literature. Not only by sensuous charm of speech, but by spiritual charm of thought, has she impressed her personality, like a cameo, upon the face of letters. A personality so deep at once and delicate, so subtle yet so clear, has rarely left, through style, an imprint commensurately perfect. And perfect as is the prose of Mrs. Meynell, we know it to be, after all, but some hinting fragrance of the hidden flower.

The sweet injunction of reserve laid by this lady upon her own exquisite utterance must give praise pause, and it is therefore with no further word of tribute that the Editor bespeaks for her the welcoming interest of every reader of COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

THE HORIZON

BY ALICE MEYNELL



ON MOUNT a hill is to lift with you something lighter and brighter than your steps or than any meaner burden. You lift the world, you raise the horizon; you give a signal for the distance to stand up. It is like the scene in the Vatican when a cardinal, with his dramatic Italian hands, bids the kneeling groups to arise. He does more than bid them. He lifts them, he gathers them up, far and near, with the upward gesture of both arms, he takes them to their feet with a compulsion of his expressive force. Or it is as when a conductor takes his violins to successive heights of music. You summon the sea, you bring the mountains, the distances unfold unlooked-for wings and take an even flight. You are but a man lifting his weight upon the upward road; but, as you climb, the circle of the world goes up to face you.

Not here or there, but with a definite continuity, the unseen unfolds. This distant hill outsoars that less distant, but all are on the wing, and the plain raises its verge. All things follow and wait upon your eyes. You lift these up, not by the raising of your eyelids, but by the pilgrimage of your body. "Lift thine eyes to the mountains." It is then that other mountains lift themselves to your human eyes.

So wonderful is the universal rising of the unseen that painters seem to be somewhat doubtful of it. Or at least they are reluctant to trust their eyes and to take a large enough horizon. They even seek to give dignity to a standing figure by lowering the horizon toward its feet. Needless to say this is right enough when the painter himself is painting from a lower level, for then the horizon is his own and not his model's. But when the model's face is not taken from below, and is in nowise foreshortened, and when the painter and the model are manifestly upon the same level, then the open-air portrait or the open-air group should have its high horizon on the level of the eyes, and not crouched about the knees. There is no dignity whatever in the lawless world of the impossible. Yet for reasons known doubtless to themselves, painters have persistently set their figures upon a pinnacle of that dull and easy world when they have painted portraits under the open sky.

It is the law whereby the eye and the horizon answer one another that makes the way up the hill so full of universal movement. All the landscape is on pilgrimage. The town gathers itself closer, and its inner harbor literally comes to light; the headlands repeat themselves; little cups within the treeless hills open and show their farms. In the sea there are many regions; a breeze is at play for a mile or two, and the surface is turned. There are roads and curves in the blue and in the white. Not a step of your journey up the height that has not its replies in the steady motion of land and ocean. Things rise together like a flock of many-feathered birds.

But it is the horizon, more than all else, that you have come in search of. That is your chief companion on your way. It is to uplift the horizon to the equality of your sight that you go high. You give it a distance worthy of the skies. There is no distance, except the distance in the sky, to be seen from the level earth; but from the height there is to be seen the distance of

this world. The line is sent back into the remoteness of light; verge is removed beyond verge, into a distance that is enormous and minute.

So delicate and so slender is the distant horizon that nothing less near than Queen Mab and her chariot, when she drives in the very sense of sight, can equal its fineness. Here on the edges of your eyelids, or there on the edges of the world—there is no other place, no place less near than the one or less distant than the other—for things so exquisitely made, so thin, so small, and tender. The touches of her passing, as close as dreams; or the utmost vanishing of the forest or the ocean in the white light between the earth and the air;—nothing else is quite so intimate and fine. The extremities of a mountain view have just such tint touches as the closeness of closed eyes shuts in.

On the horizon is the sweetest light. Elsewhere color mars the simplicity of the light; but there color is effaced, not as man effaces it, by a blur or darkness; but by mere light. The bluest sky disappears on that shining edge; there is not substance enough for color; the rim of the hill, of the woodland, of the meadow-land—let it only be far enough—has the same absorption of color, and even the dark things drawn upon the bright edges of the sky are lucid, the light is among them, and they are mingled with it. The horizon has its own way of making bright the penciled figures of forests, which are black but luminous.

On the horizon, moreover, closes the long perspective of the sky. There you perceive that an ordinary sky of clouds is not a wall but the underside of a floor; you see the clouds that repeat each other grow smaller by distance; and you find a new unity in the sky and earth when you see them gather alike the great lines of their designs to the same distant close. There is no longer an alien sky, tossed up in unintelligible heights above a world that is subject to intelligible perspective.

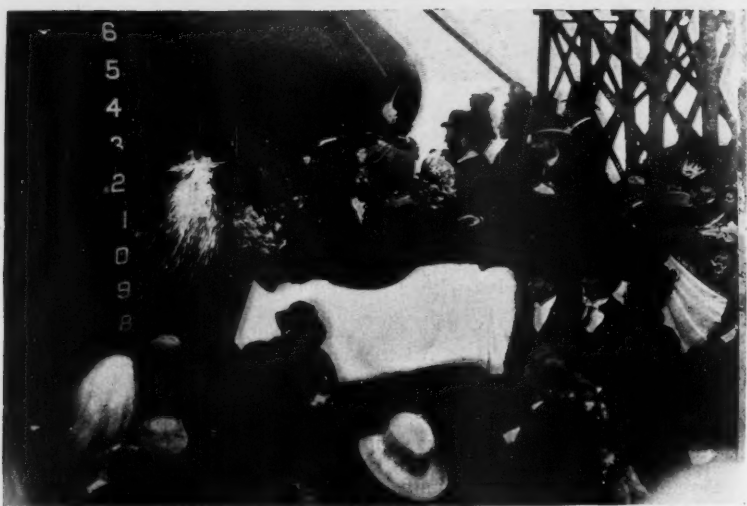
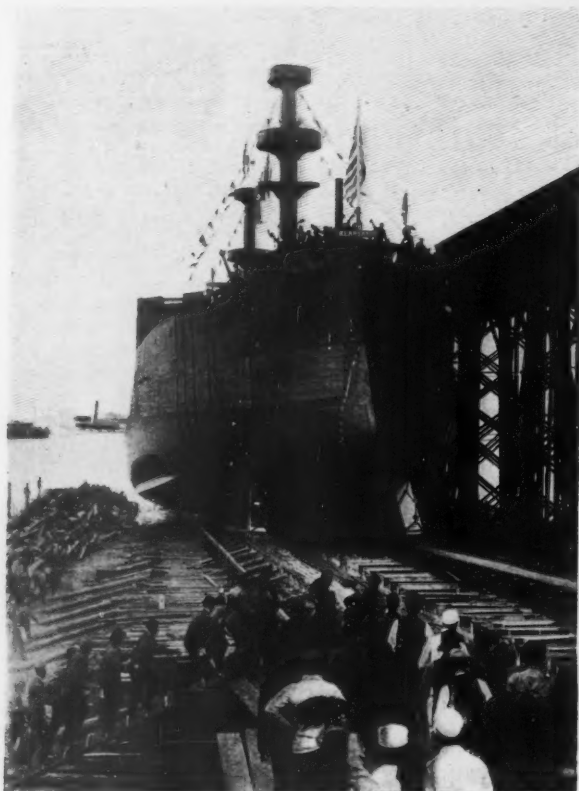
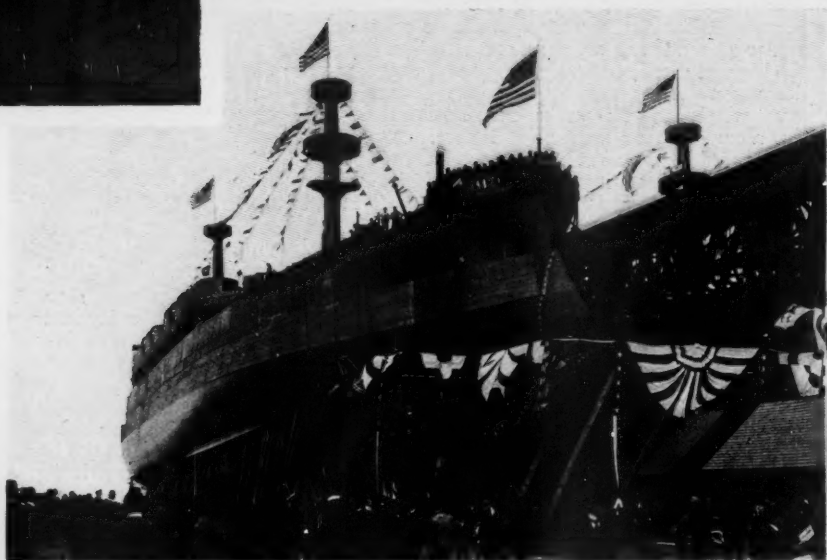
Of all the things that a great city foregoes—that London, for instance, has foregone—the most to be regretted is the horizon: not the bark of the trees in its right color; not the spirit of the growing grass, which has in some way escaped from the parks; not the smell of the earth unmingled with the odor of soot;—but rather the mere horizon. Not many times a year is it—even in the narrow way of the horizon of a valley—visible in London; and the smoke of one large town drifts so near to the smoke of another throughout England, that there is not often now a country horizon as lucid as Constable's. And when a horizon does not grow light toward the verge, it grows dark and dull. No doubt the sun makes a beautiful thing of the London smoke at all times, and in some places of the sky; but not there; not where the soft sharp distance ought to shine. To be dull there is to put all relations and comparisons in the wrong, and to make the sky lawless.

A horizon dark with storm is another thing. The weather darkens the line and defines it, or mingles it with the raining clouds; or puts it out with a mysterious finger, or softly dims it, or blackens it against a gleam of narrow sunshine in the sky. The weather does not define it, or ignore it, as does the smoke. To live amid the smoke is to live without distance. To climb a hill there, is to lift anything, everything, in the world, except only that natural distance which has the evident wings and is readiest to rise. The stormy horizon will take wing, and the sunny. Go high enough, and you can raise the light from beyond the shower, and the shadow from beyond the shower, and the shadow from behind the ray. Only the shapeless and lifeless smoke disobeys and defeats the summons of the eyes.

Up at the top of the seaward hill your first thought is one of some compassion for sailors, inasmuch as they see but little of the sea. A child on the mere Channel cliff looks upon spaces and sizes that sailors never see in the Pacific, or on the ocean side of the world; never in the solitude of the level waters, or rather in the solitudes; for there is no unity of solitariness in the narrow world of the mariner, but a thousand little fleeting solitudes there follow one another with light feet, and displace and resemble one another. Never in the regions of the "blue water," never between the Cape of Storms and the Horn, never between the Islands and the West, has the seaman been unclosed by his little circlet of mere distance—the horizon of the voyager. That baffling but encouraging limitation hemmed in Columbus. The Ancient Mariner "alone on a wide wide sea," was alone on narrow seas successive. The sailor's horizon is jagged with the forms of the small familiar waves that but now gently buffeted his boat, or will in a moment make salt his cheek. He has his mast, indeed. But for his mast and its outlook he would be isolated in as small a world as is the traveler across the plains.

Around the plains the horizon lies with folded wings. It keeps them thus perpetually for man, and opens them only for the bird; it replies to flight with flight.

As the unspringing of all things at your going up the heights, so steady, so swift, is the subsidence at your descent. The further sea lies away, hill folds down upon hill. The whole upstanding world with its looks serene and alert, its distant replies, its signals of many miles, its signs and communications of light, gathers down and pauses. This flock of birds, which is the mobile landscape, wheels and goes to earth. Farewell to the most delicate horizon.



LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLESHIPS "KENTUCKY" AND "KEARSARGE," NEWPORT NEWS, VA., MARCH 24

- 1—SAWING THE TRIPPER, TO RELEASE THE SHIP
- 2—MRS. WINSLOW, SPONSOR OF THE "KEARSARGE," STANDING BETWEEN HER HUSBAND, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WINSLOW, AND PRESIDENT ORCUTT OF THE NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING COMPANY
- 3—MISS BRADLEY, WHO NAMED THE "KENTUCKY," IN FRONT, AND AT LEFT OF HER MRS. GENERAL PICKETT AND GOVERNOR TYLER, OF VIRGINIA

- 4—THE "KEARSARGE," BEFORE THE LAUNCH, SHOWING LINES OF BOTH BATTLESHIPS
- 5—"KEARSARGE" SLIDING DOWN THE WAYS; NAVAL VESSELS IN THE DISTANCE
- 6, 7—THE CEREMONIAL SPRINKLING OF THE BOWS OF THE "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY." THE BOTTLES HUNG FROM WIRES AT THE SHIPS' SIDES

Photographed by our Special Artist



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THE PROPOSED "MAINE" MEMORIAL (SEE FRONTISPICE AND PAGE 2)



GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY

THE proposed *Maine* memorial, of which a detail is shown on our frontispiece, is suggested by Mr. George Julian Zolnay, a Hungarian sculptor and also a cosmopolite who has spent several years in the United States. Our illustrations, although after photographs of the artist's mere sketch-model, fairly explain the work, the size and proportions of which may be inferred by comparison of the entire work with the life-size figure at the extreme right—a figure that is not part of the memorial.

The artist's purpose is to indicate the nation's loss, grief, indignation, strength, alertness, resolution, and

self-command, so there is the broken column, the coffin, the starred and striped pall, the victor's palm, the sailor's cap—indicative of the naval service—the widow and orphan, the indignant youth, eager to avenge the wrong done to his country and himself, and, dominating all, Columbia, inquiring, forceful, stern, yet with sword at rest while awaiting information as to responsibility for the disaster. In the rear and at the sides, as a wall or as wings or curtains, are the lines of the *Maine*, conventionalized in the extreme, so as to be merely suggestive; on them perches the eagle, our national emblem, with raised wings and extended head. The design is one which is visible in its entirety at a glance; any temptation to indulge in ornamental yet distracting detail has been overcome, so the eye has no excuse to wander.

The designer of this memorial was born in 1863, on the anniversary date of American independence. Buda-Pesth was his birthplace, and he came of old patrician and patriotic stock. In the Hungarian uprising of 1848 his father fought against Austria and after the defeat of the patriots retired to Turkey, where he remained ten years.

His son, who was born in Hungary, although the family afterward lived in Roumania, was designed for the law or

diplomacy—the only peaceable occupations of Hungarians of high birth. Quite early in life, however, young Zolnay manifested artistic tastes. While still in the high school he competed for and won a scholarship in the Royal Roumanian Conservatory of Music and insisted, greatly to his father's discomfort, on becoming a violinist. He was persuaded to abandon this desire, but while passing through college he gave much attention to other departments of art. When twenty years of age he joined a Roumanian cavalry regiment; his artistic instinct accompanied him, so while in this service he modeled many horses and portrait busts. At the end of his term of service he entered the civil service in deference to his father's desires, yet he determined to become a sculptor, and he continued to study and model during his leisure hours.

During a vacation spent at a friend's country-seat he made a statue of heroic size of the Roumanian patriot Sudor. The admiration with which this was greeted caused the elder Zolnay to relent and to send his son to Paris to study art, under the famous Julien, Bouguereau, and others. Later the young man went to Vienna, where he competed for and won a place in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. There he graduated in 1889 with high honors—the Grand Prix, a free studio, and a cash allowance for working purposes.

Regarding the statue of Sudor, which enabled the aspiring youth to follow his artistic inclinations, it should be said that the artist was obliged himself to dig and wash the clay, make all his tools and other appliances, and even to make the kiln in which the completed work was baked. The statue was afterward purchased by the Roumanian government and placed in the national military academy at Craiova.

While at Vienna, and after having executed some important orders, among them being some religious figures and a bust of the Emperor-King, the United States Consul-general to Austria urged him to come to this country, where he did much colossal figure work for the Chicago Exposition. Mr. Zolnay had intended to return to Europe by way of India, but he found America so appreciative and otherwise to his liking that he has made his permanent home here. His success at Chicago led to his being employed, several years later, on some of the greater works at the Centennial Exhibition held last year in Tennessee. He designed and made many of the large statues that were exhibited in the buildings.

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OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



PUERTO RICO, which has been figuring recently in the papers, is one of the loveliest of lovely lands, a paradise in duodecimo issuing from the sea. Cuba is called the Pearl of the Antilles. Puerto Rico is the Opal. The difference is worth noting. An opal is a pearl with a soul. The beauty of the climate in Puerto Rico is psychologic. There are people who have gone to Venice for a week and who loiter still on her sweet lagoons. Were it not for Spain, Puerto Rico would possess the same enthralment. Presently Spain will lose the island as she will lose Cuba, as she has lost everything else on this hemisphere, and then perhaps at San Juan, or, better still, at Ponce, Mr. Flagler will put up a hotel. The island deserves it. In the years when the world went slower it was becomingly inhabited by a race that graced it. They were charming as only people can be who live in a delicious atmosphere and know nothing of progress. Presently progress learned of them. The Spanish colors floated that way and six hundred thousand of them were exterminated. According to Tacitus, Caesar used to create a solitude and call it Peace. Spain used to do the same and call it Civilization.

PUERTO RICO'S FIRST APPEARANCE

Spain's lieutenants at that time were many. Among them was a fascinating scoundrel who, originally page to Ferdinand, had, at the Court of Aragon, presumed to make up to a princess. The young person, it is rumored, returned his affection. As a result he was shipped to Hispaniola, the San Domingo of to-day. There he learned that the neighboring isle of Boriquen was swooning beneath a weight of gold. It occurred to him that, did he get that gold, he might get the princess also. Through processes with which it is idle to encumber this paragraph, he succeeded. When he left Boriquen, or Puerto Rico as it is now called, he commanded two vessels of which the cargo was gold. There are years between those sentences. There are torrents of blood—all the civilizing influences of Spain. Meanwhile his youth had gone. The average young person does not care for old men. And here the plot thickens. Incidentally, he had heard that a little to the north was another island where there was an enchanted spring whose waters effaced old age. To recover his youth he sailed that way. Were this romance he would have succeeded in the quest, he would have returned to Aragon, married the princess, or, better perhaps, in view of his recovered youth, married her daughter instead. But this is not romance, it is the history of Ponce de Leon. That fabled isle and its fabled waters were not found by him. It was another land that he reached, one so beautiful with flowers that he called it Florida. That is a long time ago, at Easter in the year 1512 to be exact. He found other things besides flowers there. He found Caribs, life and death. With a wound received in the course of his explorations he returned to Puerto Rico and died. Such is the story as told in veracious chronicles of that island's first appearance on the map.

THE JEWELS OF THE BUDDHA

The tomb of Osiris having been discovered and discussed, announcement is now made that the jewel-case of the Buddha has been found. This is all very well, but it is insufficient. We need the sword of Odin, the thunderbolt of Jupiter Latialis, and Brahmá's lotus of azure and gold. The world is tired of parchments and papyri. Scientists should see to it that after having depopulated the heavens they restore to earth that which never was here. The tomb of Osiris is the tomb of a figment of fancy. The announcement of its discovery was tentative, of course. With the jewel-case of the Buddha we are nearer the mark. He never had one, any more than Osiris had a tomb. But though he lacked the case, he had the gems. For centuries they have illuminated the lives of millions and millions of men. It has been the fate of almost every religion to begin as a heresy and to end as a superstition. The one which he founded is not an exception to the rule. But in it there are precepts of incomparable beauty, maxims exquisitely delicate, lessons of patience infinitely resigned. There were his jewels. He had no others and none other had such as he. To discover the casket in which they are, is to have found that which never was lost. Catalogued under the collective title of the Tri-Pitaka, one may assume that as long as the sentiment of charity lasts and the love of loveliness endures, their radiance will glow.

COSAS ESPAÑAS

Madrid is in mourning. In the eyes of middle-aged manolas there are tears. The Plaza de Toros is deserted. The palcos are draped. The toril is empty. Frascuelo is dead. Frascuelo was the idol of Spain. Rivalled but not excelled by Lagantijo, succeeded but not eclipsed by Mazzantini, Frascuelo represented

the best traditions of Ronda and the ring. It was splendid to see him there. He had the grace of Talma, the courage of Blondin, the agility of Fitzsimmons, the air of a Bourbon, and the ease of a ballerine. He played with a bull as a child will play with a kitten. It was not a terror, it was a toy. When he was billed the tourist enjoyed the preliminary spectacle of a swarm of fans fluttering like butterflies, miniature rainbows oscillating in loops of light. While the eye was bewildered the pulse was stirred. There was an uproar deafening as cannon, the excitement of ten thousand people drunk with foretastes of blood, hushed suddenly by a blare of brass. It was then Frascuelo entered. About him were the cuadrilla, at his heels the picadores, accompanied and preceded by the rush and jingle of caparisoned mules. When the latter had fled and the picadores had stationed themselves, lance in hand, at equal distances about the barrier, another fanfare would sound, a door would open and a monster would pounce like a hurricane into the ring. Then would follow those confused masses of horse, bull, and man which are common to every fight. It was when that part of the function was done that Frascuelo got to work. His costume was gorgeous. He wore knee-breeches of vermilion silk seamed with a silver spangle, about his waist was a scarlet sash, his jacket was amazingly designed, his shoulders were yellow with gold, on his head was a black pomponed turban. The costume was gorgeous, but diaphanous. A pin would have punctured it, and in it, with a tongue of steel, he would invite the attack of a gigantic and maddened brute. In a second the bull would be upon him, but in that second the tongue of steel would flash, straight over the lowered horns it would sweep, sting down through the parting flesh, touch the seat of life, and drop that gigantic and maddened brute, dead, there, at his feet. That coup, in which he excelled, is the supreme expression of toromaquia. It was that which made him a national idol and his loss a national grief. *Cosas Españas.*

THE THRONE OF ARAUCANIA

Hardin-Hickey should not have been in such haste to kill himself. It is one of the disadvantages of death that it prevents the departed from participating in the possibilities of life. Had he waited he might have been king. That was his dream. It was its irrealization that induced his suicide. Now there is a throne vacant. It is ramshackle, remote, and ridiculous; but still it is a throne. It was founded by just such another adventurer as he, a man who began by being French, ended by being German, and who managed to make himself an American monarch in between, a South American monarch be it said, yet still a monarch, monarch of Araucania, a land which he ruled under the style and title of Aurelius I. Who he was, how he got there, above all why he wanted to be, and in what fashion he succeeded in becoming king, are matters that have been and now always will be problematic. It is known that his name was De Tonniens, but other data are scarce. It is believed, however, that in the early sixties he set sail from Havre for Peru. With him went a cargo of umbrellas. As it never rains in Peru, what he did with the umbrellas one may surmise yet never know. Perhaps he took them to Chili. In any event, he reached Araucania, the only stretch of territory on this hemisphere that neither Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch nor English have ever been able to subdue. A portion of it Chili has gobbled, but the larger portion is independent still. Whether the umbrellas appealed to the fantasy of the Araucos and whether because of them they allowed De Tonniens to constitute himself king, is uncertain. But the fact remains, king he became, and as a means of livelihood instituted a series of titles and orders which he took to Europe and peddled about. Meanwhile he had not neglected to establish a court. The sale of his patents of nobility subsidizing poverty overtook him and he died. According to a recent explorer, M. Henri le Baux, the Court of Araucania still exists. It is the throne that is vacant. As an incumbent is wanted, there would be an opportunity for Hardin-Hickey, or for any one else in search of a crown.

THE ADVANTAGES OF UNPOPULARITY

Aubrey Beardsley's death removes one of the best-known men of the day. He was not a genius, he was not great, he was sometimes not even decent, and yet if there be households in the slums his name is familiar even there. Potentates have come and gone and left less fame than he. And naturally. They neglected to please. Beardsley made no such mistake. He not merely pleased, he interested. He coerced the eye. From black and white he wrung possibilities unimagined heretofore. His pencil was bravely eccentric. On its tip was novelty. Within its outlines originality dwelt. If he got it from any one it was from Goya that it came. Time, of course, had sharpened it on the way. It had eliminated its satire, it had eliminated also its horror, but its ability to coerce the eye and to detain it remained. Goya now is largely forgot. In his own day and in his own country he was not a prophet. He, too, neglected to please. His pictures represent women tearing teeth from the mouths of the gibbeted, the dances of delirious manolas, the disembowelment of fantastic toreadors, bulls with chimerical horns, but chiefly skeletons leaning with a leer from the tomb and scrawling on it *Nada*, Nothing. Such things do not please. Even otherwise Goya was fatally handicapped. There was no

press then worth mentioning. There were no posters. There were no periodicals to strew his imaginings abroad. Beardsley had all three. It was they, combined with that pencil and another factor, which made his repute. The other factor was antipathy. During his brief career he made himself splendidly disliked. He pleased the public, but by the critics he was loathed. They insulted him into fame. Abuse perishes, art endures. For that matter, it is the only thing that does endure. To-day no one remembers Beardsley's critics and every one remembers him. As an obituary the statement may be trite, but it has the merit of being true. If all obituaries resembled it there would be fewer of them than there are.

MATTERS TONSORIAL

The bill recently introduced which provides that barbers in this State must serve a three years' apprenticeship and pass an examination before receiving a license, is the revival of a fifteenth-century measure which conferred upon them some of the duties, privileges, and immunities now possessed by surgeons. At that time, they were required, previous to blood-letting, to wind a ribbon about the arm. The ribbon is visible to-day on the spiral of red paint that runs around their poles. As a profession the office of barber is one of great antiquity. Ezekiel mentions it. It is pictured on the walls of archaic Thebes. Oriental in origin, the Greeks had the hair razored—scissors came later—but not the beard until the advent of Alexander's triumphant suite. In those brave days shaving was regarded as effeminate. At Rome the tonstrina, as the barber shops were called, were the rendezvous of the idle. There, through the liberality of politicians, the scum of the great city was shorn, curled and painted free. Situated as a rule in the public houses on the Subura, after the various operations had been performed the idler lolled there, drank the mulled wine of Crete, gossiped over the news of the day, breakfasted on the flesh of beasts slaughtered in the arena, eyed women twisting to the click of castanets, and then took an airing in the Forum.

THE FAIR FAME OF FIGARO

The Roman matrons had always among their thousand slaves a half-dozen whose sole duty it was to dress the hair. The coiffure of the period was almost as complicated as that which the French prints of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries display. Almost but not quite. It was in the latter epoch that the high art of the profession stood revealed. The pictures of the great lords are astounding to behold. The pictures of the great ladies are more so. Their chignons were pyramidal. The caricaturists of the day represented them followed by masons and carpenters to heighten the doors through which they passed. When they drove in closed carriages they had to hang their heads out of the window. In one sketch the artist is depicted on a ladder arranging topmost curls. So enormous were the chignons that they were used as receptacles for smuggled goods. It was in her hair that the Princesse de Lamballe concealed three documents of Marie Antoinette's. They fell from the scaffold with her bloody head. Apart from the Figaro of romance and song, the historical celebrity of the profession was Léonard, for whom Louis XVIII. created an imaginary marquise. So much in demand was he that ladies fortunate enough to secure his services had their hair built the day before a ball and sat up all night in order not to affect the architecture. On the head of the Duchess of Chartres he succeeded in exhibiting her entire biography. The hair of another lady, whose name history has not preserved, he fashioned into a cage in which he put three thousand butterflies. After the amputations of the Revolution art became simpler. With wigs and powder gone, the profession of hairdresser declined. But that of barber remained. May the bill already mentioned serve to increase his appreciation of the office and his knowledge of its glorious past.

THE RETURN OF DON JUAN

Don Juan has recently appeared in Paris. Presently he may appear here. In the circumstances he is worth a moment's notice. This Don Juan is not the Don Juan of Molière; he is not Byron's hero or Mozart's—the best of the lot, parenthetically—he is not even a new Don Juan. This Don Juan is old and gray. It is Haraucourt, a dramatist of repute, who has dressed him up for the Odéon. Hence the supposition that he may appear here. The last time I saw the gentleman was in London. It was in a ballet at the Empire, and a very bad ballet it was. Don Juan deserves better things. He is not, as many suppose, a creation of Molière. He had nothing in common with the person of whom Byron told. He really lived, though less alluringly perhaps than in Mozart's charming score. His name was Don Juan Tenorio. Born in Seville, his family was what I think I have seen somewhere described as illustrious. One day, or rather one night, he ran off with a young girl. She was the daughter of Commander Ulloa—you remember the Commander? The latter tried to interfere and got killed. Promptly buried in the monastery of St. Francis, a statue was placed on his tomb—you remember the statue? Subsequently a fire occurred. Both tomb and statue were destroyed. Meanwhile the existence which Don Juan led was simply scandalous. Sheltered by his rank from justice, the Franciscans determined to stop it through methods of their own. They invited him into the monastery, put an end to him and announced that he had

insulted the dead commander, whose ghost, or whose statue's ghost, had hurried him off below. In the Odéon play Don Juan survives and repents. The original is better, but "Don Giovanni" is best. The score of that opera is a banquet. There is an aria in it—*La ci darem la mano*—which will live long after the faded memories of the hero are forgot. If we are to have the play here, as is presumable, it will be more easily digested if we have the music, too.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING ENGLISH

Mr. Phillips' verse, which the London "Academy" sorted recently from all of last year's wares as alone worthy of the hundred-guinea laurel, is quite suggestive. It compels even the unreflective to wonder what the other verse must be. Behind it looms an abundance of mediocrity, mountainous perhaps, and in any event undivined. Mr. Phillips' verse is pleasant and unpedantic. But it is not poetic. It does not exalt. It does not stir the heart or haunt the ear. It is metrical and conscientious, nothing else. Mr. Phillips may have intercepted the Muse, but he has not detained her. She has not turned and kissed his mouth. The dozen lines that follow, the work of Mr. Cameron Rogers, a writer unlabeled, unquoted, and unknown, exceed everything which Mr. Phillips has done:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

"Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross."

LITERARY LINEN

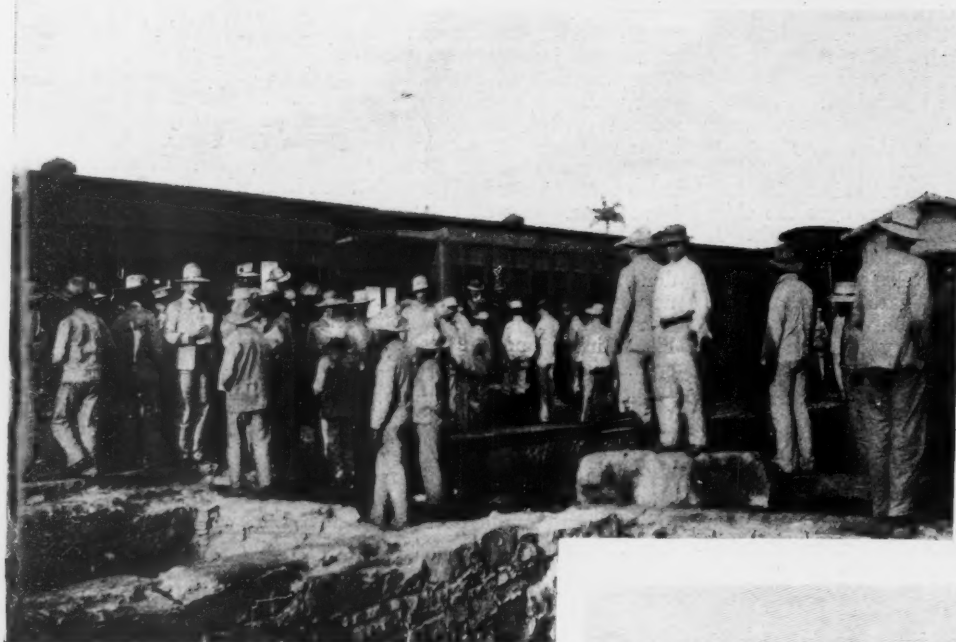
M. René Doumic, in the course of an address recently delivered at Columbia University, complained that it has become the fashion for Frenchmen to abuse whatever is French and then with entire logic set to work to abuse French novelists. The latter, he declared, make a great mistake in not presenting to their readers French life as it really is. In view of the curious realism of Hermant, Hervieu, Richépin, to say nothing of Bourget (première manière) and Zola (deuxième façon) one wonders what would please M. Doumic. A little more and these gentlemen would go to jail. A little while ago they would have gone. It was only by a squeak that Flaubert didn't. Huysmans must believe in miracles if only for the succession of them which have kept him out of prison. Many a writer has done time for less. Barring Petronius and the Marquess of Sade, no writer could do it for more. It is disturbing to learn that M. Doumic is not satisfied. It is confusing also. Only last year his eminent and erudite colleague, M. Brunetière, was also spawning over the country his dislike of contemporary French fiction. M. Brunetière declared it to be ultra-realistic. Apparently to M. Doumic it is not realistic enough. M. Brunetière wanted nothing but silk stockings. If I interpret M. Doumic rightly, he would like those stockings filled with mud. The preferences of these gentlemen concern no one but themselves. Yet inasmuch as they are both Frenchmen of letters, it seems to me that it would be better taste if they washed their literary linen at home.

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT LEAVING HOME

Herr Szczepanik's "Fernseher," recently signaled in this column, continues to be reported as the invention of the age. But so, too, was wireless telegraphy. We hear no more of that. So, also, was the airship which was navigating through the Western sky last spring. We hear no more of that either. It is just as well not to believe all that we read in the papers. At the same time, everything being possible, it may be that the Fernseher is not a journalistic jest, in which case hotelkeepers, tourist agencies, and steamboat companies can't do better than buy the rights. The latter, it is stated, have been sold for a million and a quarter, and the apparatus itself, which enables one to see whatever is going on at any given distance, will, it is added, constitute the feature of the Paris Exposition. But if what is claimed be true, it will defeat the very object of that show. The people who will want to journey there, when, with this instrument, they can sit at home and see it all, dwindle in the perspective. Scientifically, the invention is great, but commercially it looks like a boomerang.

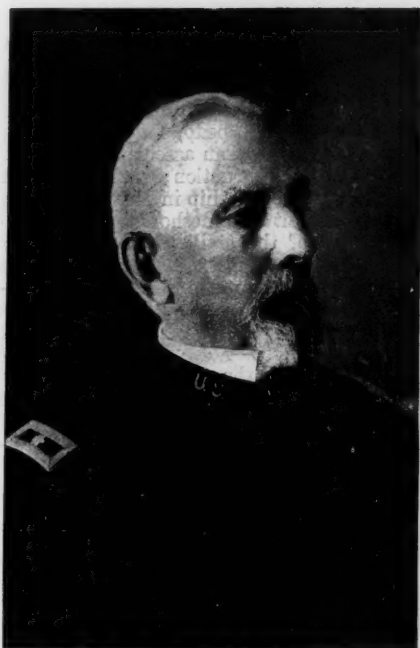
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



SCENES NEAR MATANZAS, CUBA

STARVING RECONCENTRADOS; SPANISH TROOPS AT A RAILWAY STATION; A GATE OF THE TROCHA; A SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE
From photographs by our Special Artist



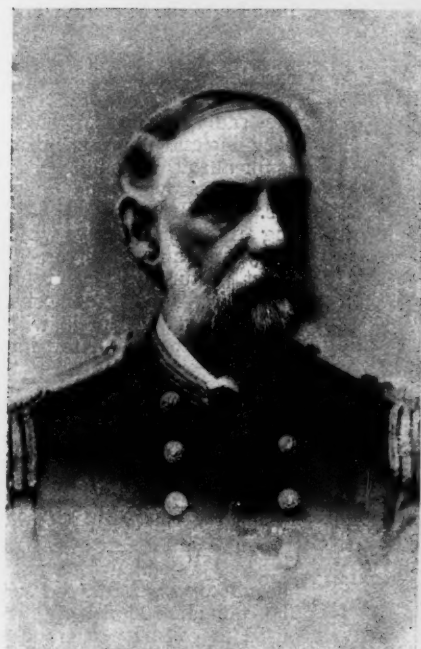
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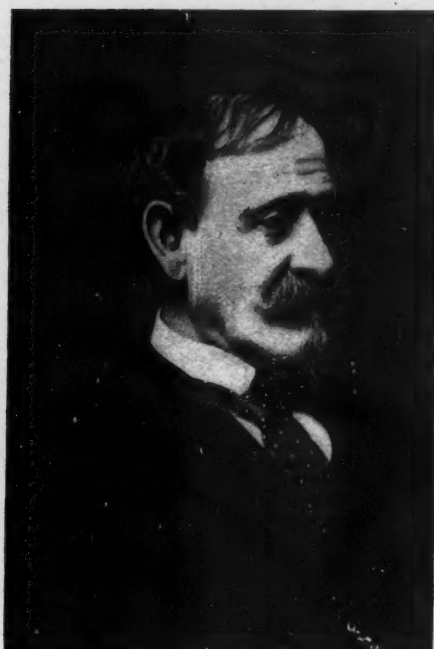
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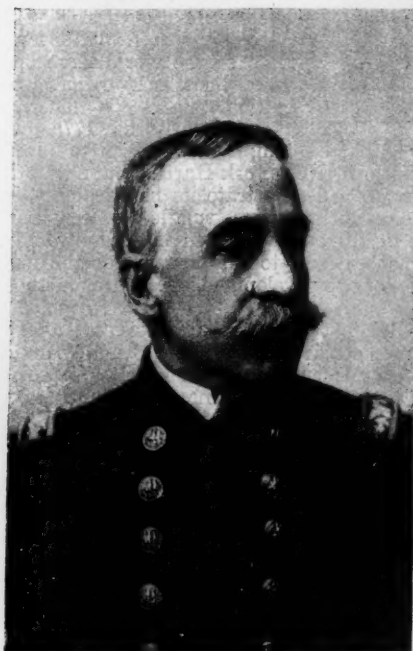
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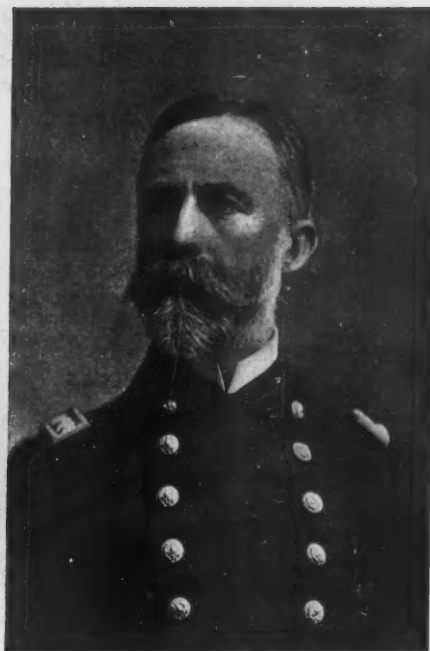
COMMODORE J. A. HOWELL



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY



COMMODORE F. V. MCNAIR



CAPTAIN W. T. SAMPSON

SOME PROMINENT OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES

(See page 10)

SOME MEN WHO ARE PROMINENT

ON the preceding page appear portraits of a number of army and navy officers who are likely to become quite prominent in the event of hostilities between the United States and Spain.

Major-general Miles, as general-in-chief of the army, will have control of all the military forces of the nation, moving his headquarters at will from one department to another. He began his military career as captain of a company of Massachusetts volunteers in 1861: the Governor thought him too young to be a captain, but within a year he became a colonel, and was a major-general of volunteers when the war ended. He entered the regular army in 1866 as colonel of infantry, and has done much successful service against the shrewdest, hardest, cruelest, most untiring fighters in the Western hemisphere—the Indians of the plains. He became brigadier-general in 1880 and major-general in 1890.

Major-general Merritt is our only general officer who is a graduate of West Point. As next in rank to General Miles, he would probably be given command of the largest army which we might organize for invasion or defense. His earlier experiences were in the cavalry service, in which, while a captain, in 1863, he was made brigadier-general and was soon afterward given a division of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac and appointed major-general in April, 1865. When the war ended he returned to the regular service as lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, and did much hard Indian fighting before reaching his present rank.

Brigadier-general Graham was appointed to the artillery service in 1855, and he remained in it forty-two years, his appointment as brigadier-general having been made only a year ago. He is therefore specially qualified for his new command, the Department of the Gulf, with its great chain of coast defenses nearest the center of possible disturbance.

Rear-admiral Sicard has commanded for months the most powerful fleet ever gathered under the American flag, and has had the double duty of drill and apprehension. He has been under fire as often as any officer of the navy, and has proved abundantly his courage and his quickness of perception. He has recently suffered much through a malarial attack, and should he become physically disabled for the arduous duties of his position his successor would probably be selected from among the commodores whose portraits we give; the assignment would not be given to Commodore Dewey, for this officer now commands the Asiatic squadron, which, in the event of trouble with Spain, would find active work in the vicinity of the Philippine Islands, Spain's most populous colonial possession. Commodore McNair, just returned from three years of command of the Asiatic squadron, will soon be promoted to rear-admiral; he is an officer of very high ability. So is Commodore Schley, the junior in his grade, yet a man of notable and highly creditable experiences. Commodore Howell, inventor of the Howell torpedo and of the rocket-torpedo gun described in our last issue, has charge of the European squadron, most of which he has sent home, according to orders, and is preparing to follow with his flagship, the *San Francisco*. Captain Sampson of the *Iowa* has been in temporary command of the squadron and has the entire confidence of the Navy Department; his knowledge of the vessels and personnel of the squadron is so intimate that possibly he may command should Admiral Sicard retire. As the North Atlantic fleet is to be in two divisions, and perhaps three, in which case one will consist of seagoing monitors, there will soon be two or three commodores acting as admirals.

Señor Polo de Bernabe, the new Spanish Minister to the United States, is a trained diplomat and an affable gentleman who is entirely at home at Washington, where about a quarter of a century ago he was a junior member of the Spanish Legation, of which his father was the head. Spain could scarcely have sent a man more competent to maintain friendly relations between the two countries.

SUBMARINE TORPEDOES IN ACTION



EVER since the day that the gallant *Cushing* blew up the Confederate cruiser *Albatross* by means of a spar-torpedo, there has been a halo of dash and heroism associated with this subtle engine of destruction; and the tragic loss of our great battleship in Havana harbor has again brought this method of warfare before the eyes of the civilized world. As an unseen foe is that most dreaded, so will the moral effect of the torpedo ever check the offensive operations of a fleet. The bravest commander, eager to face the guns of a battleship, may quail before a harbor planted with torpedoes—not for fear of any personal injury to himself, but owing to the possible, if not probable loss to the service and the nation by annihilation of his ship and crew.

Though experts may differ as to the exact value of the torpedo—though they may be undecided whether it is to be employed chiefly in offense or defense, or equally in both—all agree that the weapon has passed from the experimental to the practical stage, and that it will be used, and largely so, in the next great war. The names of men now unknown to fame will,

doubtless, illumine the pages of history by deeds of daring in connection with this new and dangerous method of warfare. We are content with having given the initial impulse to the torpedo, while other nations have perfected it. Though we possess a few excellent types of fighting vessels, in torpedo craft we are sadly deficient. Even declining and bankrupt Spain is far ahead of us in torpedo boats, destroyers, and cruisers. The United States, having a comparatively weak navy and an extensive sea-coast, naturally depend for protection upon defensive torpedoes; while Russia, with a limited coast, and few important harbors to guard, attaches greater importance to the offensive.

Torpedo warfare consists of three distinct elements; the *offense*, the *defense*, and a third, combining the two, which may be called the *offensive-defense*. For the perfect protection of a harbor, however, the three must be united. The torpedoes used in offensive operations are the *automobile* and *dirigible*, while those for defense are of the submarine type. The last mentioned system is the one to which all the nations of the world have devoted their most serious attention.

As early as 1775 attempts were made to place a mine under British vessels in New York Harbor, but not until our Civil War did the weapon demonstrate its practicability as an element in warfare. During this struggle no less than twenty-six vessels were destroyed and eleven injured by movable and stationary torpedoes; and to this fact is due the constant rivalry between nations to develop and perfect this method of attack and defense.

Torpedoes are divided into two general classes—*stationary* and *movable*. The former consist of the *buoyant* and *ground mine*, while the latter class is subdivided into the *automobile* and *dirigible*. These terms have been narrowed until now the fixed class is generally known as the submarine mine, while the word torpedo is applied to the movable class. The buoyant mines are exploded in contact with or very close to the bottom or sides of a vessel under water, while the ground mine acts at a much greater distance. All mines are divided into other classes, which depend for their nomenclature as to whether or not it is under the control of an operator. In all cases the controlling agent is electricity. The depth of water in a harbor has much to do with the form of torpedo used, and in channels where there is less than thirty feet at high tide, the mine case, which rests on the bottom, has the shape of the segment of a sphere with a flat bottom. The electrical apparatus is attached to a buoy, anchored to the case and submerged four feet. The explosive charge is generally about two



SEÑOR POLO DE BERNABE, SPAIN'S NEW MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite or wet gun cotton. The buoyant mine is a hollow sphere, constructed of steel, having a ring at the top for handling, and directly opposite a hole for loading and inserting the electrical apparatus. Over this is fitted a cap for attaching the mooring chain and cable. It is generally submerged about four feet below low water, and the explosive charge is one hundred pounds of dynamite or wet gun cotton. A mushroom anchor holds the mine in position. Another form of submarine mine is one which will explode by contact with a ship's bottom; but as these are dangerous both to friend and foe, they are now seldom used in any scheme for defense.

The torpedo defense of a harbor is really a part of the system of fortification, and, therefore, properly under control of the army. As the plan of submarine mines depend upon the arrangement of the shore batteries, no general system can be properly outlined, as the protection of each harbor is planned according to its geographic features. One general idea is applicable to all harbors, however, and that is, the mine fields should be under cover of the guns of the batteries, otherwise the advance boats of an enemy will find little difficulty in clearing a channel by *countermining*. This consists of taking advantage of the sympathetic action of high explosives; in other words, the detonation of a mass of dynamite or gun cotton will blow up all mines within a circle whose radius is fifty feet. New York Harbor is said to be defended by twelve hundred and fifty submarine mines, each containing an explosive charge of five hundred pounds of wet gun cotton, and arranged in groups of four or six. These are of the latest and most improved type of *observation mines*. The operator is located in some concealed position on shore, from which point he is safe from rapid-fire guns. When the enemy's vessel is within range of one or more of the mines, he touches the firing key, closes the electric circuit, and discharges the torpedo. The area of destruction of one of these mines is a circle having a diameter of sixty feet.

Both at home and abroad the movable torpedo has received more attention than the submarine mine, and there are no less than twenty-six different kinds of the former—seven of the automobile class and nineteen of the dirigible. The officers of the United States torpedo station at Newport, R. I., have conducted a series of exhaustive experiments and tested a number of different types for the naval service, the result being the adoption of the Whitehead and Howell as service weapons.

The first torpedo of the movable class was a *spar-torpedo*, which was extensively used during our Civil War. It consists of a charge and detonator attached to a spar or outrigger. Though this weapon was used with great success in China by the French, as late as 1884, its limited sphere of action and the perfection of the automatic and machine gun has rendered it almost obsolete.

The next step was the application of the rocket principle to the movable torpedo, the motion being imparted by the burning of a gunpowder composition placed in two tubes connected end to end. Its inventor claimed a speed of twenty-five knots an hour and a range of from three hundred to eight hundred and fifty feet. The advantages of simplicity and cheapness, however, were more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty of action and defectiveness as to dirigibility.

Experts then turned their attention to the automobile and dirigible torpedo. The former is propelled by forces contained within itself, and if once started, will continue its motion with or without the direction or assistance of human intelligence. The advantages of this class of torpedoes are constant submersion at a given depth, power to move in a straight line, high speed for a considerable distance, and, last, but not least, ability to carry and explode a large charge. This weapon is designed to move near the surface of the water, and at the proper instant to detonate a great mass of high explosive which involves both torpedo and ship in a common destruction. These torpedoes may be classified as purely offensive, or as active-offensive, according to the limit of their effective range.

The dirigible or controllable torpedo is completely under the direction of an operator on shore from the moment of starting until it reaches its destination. The advantage of the dirigible over the automobile is the fact that while the latter has a range of not more than eight hundred yards, the former frequently reaches two miles. Owing to the fact that the Whitehead and Howell torpedoes are the only ones officially accepted by the United States government, a technical description of each may prove of interest.

The Whitehead deserves especial mention not only because it was the first successful one of its kind, but because it opened up an absolutely new and important field for professional and inventive research. The motive power was and still is compressed air, and in a special form of rotary engine which was coupled direct to the propeller shaft.

As at present constructed the torpedo consists of a cigar-shaped envelope of steel or phosphor-bronze containing six compartments for its propelling, directing and exploding mechanism; its motive power, compressed air under an initial pressure of about seventy atmospheres or ten hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. It is propelled by two double-bladed screws revolving in opposite directions about the same axis in order to

neutralize their individual tendencies to produce lateral deviations; and it is maintained at a constant depth of about three feet from the surface by horizontal rudders, and on a straight course by vertical vanes set at an angle predetermined by experiment. It has attained lately a speed of thirty knots for four hundred and twenty-five yards, and twenty-four knots for a range of eight hundred and seventy-five yards.

The two most serious defects in the Whitehead as a naval weapon were, first, the danger of an accidental explosion of the storage reservoir, and, second, the impossibility of preserving the original trajectory when meeting with abnormal deflecting forces during its flight, such as strong currents or heavy winds at right angle to its course. With the object of remedying these defects, Captain J. A. Howell, U. S. Navy, in 1870 began a series of practical experiments which have resulted in the production of a most satisfactory weapon. Recognizing the power contained in the gyroscope, this officer has found means of embodying this principle in a practical machine, which is as novel and effective as it is successful.

The general profile of the Howell torpedo is that of a spindle of revolution of the regulation cigar shape, the nose being rather blunt. There are four distinct compartments or sections, which are detachable. The nose, carrying the firing-pin and its mechanism; the head, which carries the explosive charge and its detonator; the main section, which contains the heavy fly-wheel and screw gears; and the stern section, carrying the diving mechanism.

In order to guard as completely as possible against a premature discharge while handling, the firing-pin arrangement is made completely removable, and may be quickly inserted in the torpedo before launching. Safety catches are provided to prevent premature explosion, and these work automatically as the speed of the torpedo slows down, making it absolutely safe to handle.

The two heads are distinguished as the dummy head and the fighting or war head. The shells of both are made of single sheet brass brazed and spun to shape and braced internally by strong rings. The dummy head is lighter by thirteen pounds than the fighting head, and is used during practice drills, the torpedo always rising to the surface at the end of its run. The fighting head contains the charge, one hundred pounds, of wet gun cotton, a small water-tight chamber being reserved for the dry gun cotton primer. Two small holes are drilled through the cap of the primer chamber and are filled with a substance that is soluble after long contact with water. The holes in the nose admit water at the end of the run, and the water, attacking the composition after a certain time, dissolves it out and thus drowns the dry primer cotton.

The real novelty of this torpedo lies chiefly in the main section which carries the fly-wheel motor and its transmitting gears. The fly-wheel is of gun steel, drop forged, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. It has a heavy rim with a solid web connecting with the hub. The axle of this wheel is horizontal and at right angles to the propeller shafts, and is provided with frictionless roller bearings, with ball bearings at the end to take up the thrust from the gears. Miter gears are used, the reduction being five to four, so that each of the twin screws used makes eight hundred revolutions to one thousand for the fly-wheel. The wheel is spun up to ten thousand revolutions per minute before launching, which can be done by the steam turbine used for this purpose in thirty seconds' time.

The stern section is divided into two compartments. The forward one, containing the diving mechanism, is open to the free access of water; while the rear one is empty, except for sleeves passing through it, within which are the screw shafts.

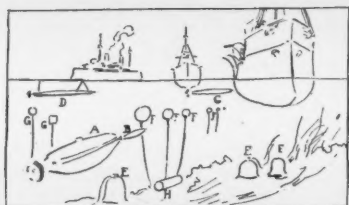
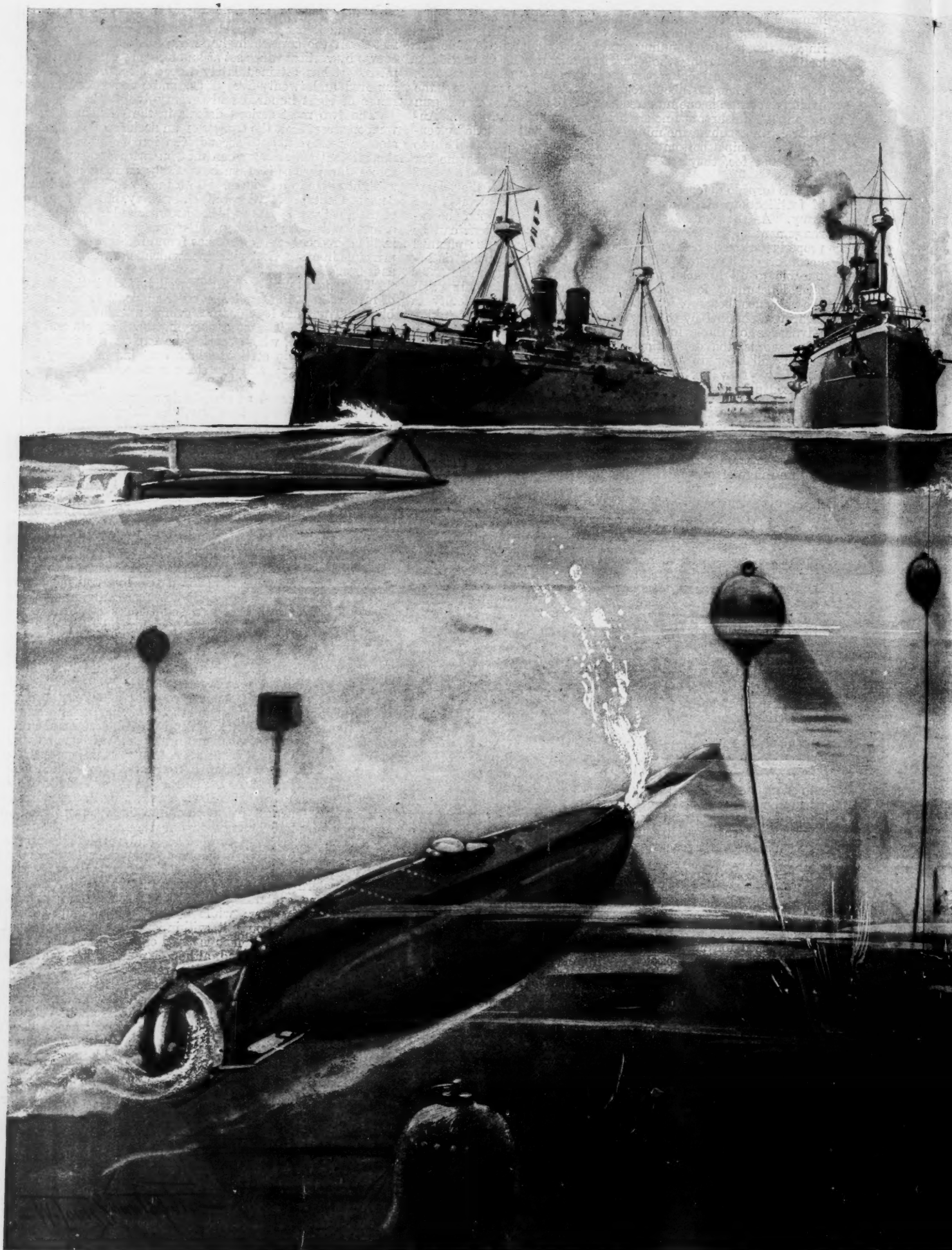
The diving mechanism is based on the same general principle as that of the Whitehead, although much simpler in its details. Both work satisfactorily in this respect. The most remarkable quality of the Howell torpedo is the rigidity of its trajectory. This is due to the gyroscopic stability of its fly-wheel motor. It is no easy matter to deflect this torpedo from its original path until the speed of this wheel has sensibly slackened. The fundamental principle upon which the steering of the torpedo depends is this: If a revolving fly-wheel be acted upon by any force which tends to turn it about any axis not parallel with its own, there will be a resultant motion about an axis at right angles to the plane of those two. The axis of the fly-wheel being horizontal, any extraneous force tending to deflect it laterally will cause the torpedo to roll, and this, by moving a heavy pendulum, brings into action the vertical vanes and rudders which counteract the effort of the torpedo itself and keeps it in its former course.

A comparison of the latest official performances of the Whitehead and Howell shows that the Whitehead is still the superior in range and speed, while the Howell is the more accurate and carries the larger charge of explosive in proportion to size and weight. The cost of each is about the same—two thousand four hundred dollars for the latest types.

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OUR SUBMARINE DEFENSES



HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE



WE LEARN from ancient history that the island of Crete was inhabited by a race reputed to be liars. "All Cretans are liars," was the terse expression of the situation which has come down to us. The people were also famous for their law-making industry; but whether or not the laws had anything to do with the lying, we are not informed. Neither their laws nor their lying seem to have secured them against vicissitude; for Crete has

always been the stamping-ground of insurrections and other political complications, down to the well-remembered events of last winter.

Ever since Adam and Eve held that conversation with their Creator in the Garden of Eden, lying has been an accomplishment of the human race; and perhaps there may always have been some spot on the earth's surface where it flourished, for some reason, better than elsewhere. And while I yield to none in my views as to the total depravity of Spain and Turkey—a depravity which of course includes lying among its essential elements—still I incline to think that, taking the two countries by long and large, there are not in proportion to population so many energetic, self-conscious, and cheerful liars in Spain or Turkey as may be found in these United States. In this respect, if in no other, we are at present the banner nation of the world.

There is a discrimination to be made in lies, of course. When the Captain-general of Cuba said at dinner the other day that wherever the flag of Spain floated, there were to be found, among other blessings, liberty and honor, it produced a prickly sensation in the cerebellum of the reader: the inspiration of such a lie is purely diabolical. But this and similar fabrications emanate from the ruling class; so far as we know, the mass of Spaniards and Turks—the great peasant class—are as apt as not to tell the truth, unless under provocation to do otherwise. But we Americans lie for the fun of the thing; indeed, we are possibly less apt to tell the truth when there is no good reason for lying than when there is. We adopt a humorous attitude toward lies; we smile when we hear them, and expect to be regarded as wags when we tell them. The widely advertised national tendency to exaggeration is related to this habit; as when the Oregon pioneer said he had been in the Northwest so long that he could remember when Mount Rainier was a hole in the ground. But the humorous view of lying is more or less a cynical one; it would not be developed among a people with a strict regard for truth. The pioneer above quoted was probably accustomed to daily with the thing that is not, and thereby the more readily hit upon the fine imaginative conception which gave birth to his remark. Imagination has much to do with misrepresentation of facts, as we see in children who find a naive pleasure in "make-believe" which prosaic reality cannot afford them. We are in some ways the most imaginative people under the sun, and the trait is connected with our best as well as with some of our less admirable qualities. Imagination is a noble thing; but except it be restrained by principle, it is prone to lead astray. And principle, of any kind, is more remarkable in this country for its rarity than for its catholicity. We know what it is, and frequently refer to it; and when we meet with genuine illustrations of it, we admire them; but unless under strong pressure, we remain unprincipled. It was principle that moved our forefathers to throw the tea into Boston Harbor; and principle was the urgent motive of the Civil War; but to assert that principle guides our daily lives, our social and business relations, would be as bold as to say that Mount Rainier was once a hole in the ground. And certainly principle exercises no restraining influence upon our imaginative flights.

Let us, however, concede that humorous and imaginative lying is harmless, or comparatively so; and make a similar allowance for that species of white lies which are told out of politeness—to avoid hurting people's feelings. We are rather given to sparing people's feelings, and the feelings we spare are not always those most deserving of consideration; indeed, I fancy it is often toward ourselves more than toward others that our clemency is exercised; we don't want to have a fuss. But after discounting all this, there still remains a great body of falsehood which cannot be so comfortably excused; lies told for a selfish or otherwise unworthy object. And they permeate every class of the community, from the highest to the lowest.

Diplomatic lying is held to be justifiable; I don't know why. When the President, or the Cabinet, or members of Congress, or government officials of any grade, tell deliberate untruths, or say things which convey a false impression, they are excused; the ground being, that what they do or intend is meant to be kept secret until "the proper time," and that they therefore have the right to mislead so far as possible anybody who tries to find the secret out. One might admit that they have the right to refuse

any information at all; but because silence may seem to give assent, I deny that they are pardonable for deliberately denying what they know to be a fact. No person with a nice sense of honor could do this; and no person who does it can claim to be regarded as an honorable man. The policy of doing evil that good may come of it has been proved, by ages of experience, to be a boomerang; moreover, it is daily becoming (in the case of statesmen's lies) more and more futile; the newspapers either discover the truth, or make guesses which do more harm than the truth could. Or if some fact is successfully concealed, yet in the end it comes out; and then those who concealed it are not believed even when what they say is true. In a word, the public weal and repose are not secured by governmental lying, and therewith vanishes the last colorable pretext for continuing to lie. Silence is respectable, though that, too, is generally ineffective against modern journalistic acumen; but lying is neither efficient nor respectable, and any man in public life who practices it should be consigned to inglorious privacy without delay.

Next comes lying in business. This is so well recognized that some important branches of business, such as dealing in stocks for example, succeeds in proportion as the dealer is quick, daring, and unscrupulous in his lies. But the entire system of advertising goods, whether in print or by word of mouth, is based on misrepresentation: the patent-medicine man is the commonly accepted type, but he is no worse than many others. Turn where you will, you see or hear that this or that article is the best in the market. The best houses, the best garments, the best furniture, the best food, the best trains and steamship lines, the best summer and winter resorts, the best plays and concerts, the best comedians and tragedians, even the best books and writers, crowd upon us from all sides; every one of these claims is false, and we know them to be such; yet we are in a measure hoodwinked by them, or by some of them, because they are so audaciously and persistently set forth. That things are not only the best but the cheapest in the world is another prevalent lie, and it captures myriads at every bargain-counter; while no principle is better established than that no one can get anything without paying its full value for it. But as soon as we step into the business world, we breathe an atmosphere solid with lies, and in order not to be stifled we are forced to pretend we believe some of them. In the end, we choose according to our best judgment, and spend as little as we can; but if the thing we buy had not been advertised—that is, lied about—we should not have bought it, because its existence would not have been known to us. Who dares advertise anything as being less than foremost of its kind and price? How many of the leading newspapers will admit to having less than the largest circulation in the world? A curious feature of it is, that if, being "on the inside," you speak privately to any of the liars in trade about his lying, he will generally concede that he exaggerates, but neither betrays nor feels the slightest shame thereat; he says he does but lie as others do, and that all lies are discounted by the public, and therefore are not wrong. Do but lie loud enough, and you will cease to be a liar.

But though you cannot ruffle a tradesman by proving to him that he lies in his trade, yet if, after business hours, you meet him at the club or at his house, and for any cause denounce him as a liar, he is likely to hit you in the eye. For he is a party to the general convention that, while a man may descend in business to a low moral level, yet the moment he puts on his hat to go home he becomes a man of sensitive and unexceptionable truth and honor. This would be singular, if it were the case; but is it the case? Does the constitution of human nature admit of its being so? Let us inquire a little.

Out of business hours, every man reverts to society—to the circle of friends, acquaintances and environment which belongs to him. But whereas, in business, he rather tells lies than lives them, in society he tends the other way—he lives them first and tells them afterward. He is either married or unmarried. In either case he enacts a character which is not his own: it has become so much his habit to do so that he hardly realizes it himself. He may, indeed, face his real self in solitude; but the transition from the solitary to the social self is so constantly made that he perceives no incongruity. There may or may not be many or important things to conceal or to misrepresent; the point is that he is ready for them, be they what they may; he suppresses all that might conflict with the desirable and meritorious character he is enacting, or so interprets what cannot be concealed as to eliminate its unworthiness. A double consciousness is always operative in him: the consciousness of what he really is, and the consciousness of what he is leading you to believe he is. You would think they would get mixed sometimes; but this seldom or never happens; to maintain the distinction seems difficult in theory, but in practice is easy. So long as the man's life remains fairly decent, no harm appears to result from this duplicity; it amounts to little more than putting one's best foot foremost, a venial sin surely, if it be a sin at all. But the danger reveals itself when the man commits some definite evil: when he has yielded to the gambling instinct, or has tampered with his employer's till, or has visited an opium den, or has made love to his neighbor's wife. Had he not already perfected himself in the art of putting a goodly outside on his falsehood, there would be a chance that conscience might halt him, and bring him to repentance and confession; but, as it is, he finds small

difficulty in shaking out a little more widely the folds of his hypocritic cloak, until it covers the present crime as well as it did the former peccadillo. With that, the real Jekyll and Hyde life begins; and the verbal lying becomes merely the outward expression of the far more vital false existence beneath it.

It is needless to say, however, that not all of us get so far as this. Nor is it at all probable that there is more crime in this country than in others; more homage is paid to virtue here than in other lands; but since hypocrisy is that homage, it follows that we are more proficient in hypocrisy. The discrepancy between our ideal and our fact being greater than elsewhere, we are forced to lie more diligently. And there are minor causes, arising from our special habits and civilization, which predispose us to the vice. There is the custom of having a drink, for instance; as you lean on the bar, and have another, and talk over things, you are tempted to lie lightly, enterprisingly and extravagantly; more gratuitous lying is done over bars than in any other particular place; the other fellows stimulate you by their own achievements. There is no great intrinsic harm in these lies, as a rule; but they confirm the habit; and the gin or whisky with which they are washed down becomes associated with them; so that presently the taste of these beverages awakens in us the desire to tell a lie about something, and conversely, when it becomes expedient to tell a lie, a glass of toddy makes it come easier. I know a number of men, good fellows, but regular drinkers, who have developed a positive inability to tell the truth. They will go out of the way to make an appointment with you, for the especial purpose of not keeping it; they will tell you a surprising, circumstantial story about something, asseverating upon their word of honor that every bit of it is true, and it is palpably false from beginning to end. They put themselves to great and constant inconvenience in order to surround themselves with an atmosphere of lies, which have no object whatever; they are just lies, and are loved for their own sake. So far as my observations go, the objectless liar is always a regular dram drinker; seldom drunk, but always at it; and though I do not preach teetotalism, one cannot avoid connecting the one vice with the other.

Another invariable lie-breeder is that dallying with the sixth Commandment. There are several reasons why this is commoner among us than it used to be; the rise of the New Woman, for one thing, with the overturning of old restraints which are involved in it; the distrust in theology; the materialism of science; the frivolity of wealthy society; the immediate publicity given to prominent examples of marital infidelity; the notion that marriage is a yoke rather than a union; the frequency of divorce, leading to the impression that marriage is not a serious or final thing between a man and woman, but an experiment which may be discontinued at will;—these are some of the conditions which are sapping the chastity of the community. Adultery is essentially falsification, and falsehood is its natural utterance; and this is the case with its earlier as well as with its later stages. But the conventional stigma which still attaches to the crime intensifies the impulse to conceal it; the guilty parties wish to retain their social standing, but are not willing to forego their intrigue; they must then bind themselves hand and foot with an inextricable web of lies. I shall not attempt to guess what proportion of our population is tainted with this corruption; but the number must be large, and children born or brought up under such influences must enter life handicapped by an inherited tendency to untruth, if no more. But all this is too obvious to need insisting on.

It seems furthermore probable that the democracy of this country may predispose us to playing fast and loose with truth. For democracy undermines personal dignity; since I am no better than any other man, I must not put on airs; my self-respect suffers, and with the departure of that goes likewise my concern for the qualities that made me respectable; the old-fashioned man of honor is growing scarce. There is no doubt a great deal of humbug and nonsense about the pretensions of caste; but it had its good side, too; it had its traditions of high and honorable behavior, its fearlessness, its pride;—external motives perhaps, but we are not so strong in ourselves that we can afford to neglect any means, even mechanical ones, of keeping us to the mark. On the other hand, though the advantages of democracy are manifest, and democracy is bound to endure, it has its drawbacks; in compelling us to rely as never before upon ourselves, it takes away supports to which we had accustomed ourselves. Democracy which accepts materialism is little better than chaos; it depends for its success on its recognition of spirit; and until we have reached that stage of democratic development, we are likely to linger at low levels of morality and veracity.

"The truth shall make you free" is a great saying. Falsehood not only hampers the individual, but, by breeding mutual distrust, it clogs all the wheels of action. Its contagion is subtle and insidious beyond any other; let any one attempt, for one day, to speak nothing but the truth, and he will find that he must be unusually taciturn. But until we can speak the truth, we shall never be a free people, no matter what our Constitution may say; and wherever, in our history or conduct, personal or national, we find weakness, we shall find a lie at the bottom of it.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

KLONDIKE NECESSITIES number many things beside mining tools. A good revolver—one of the "never-get-out-of-order" kind, like a Smith & Wesson—may always be depended upon.

MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXXV



ALWAYS feel an aversion to touching, in these columns, on matters of acute political import. For the poor lines which I am permitted to write in this journal rarely get themselves printed until a month after they have flowed from my inspired pen. Nevertheless, one fact in the Zola-Dreyfus affair is already crystallized as historic. Now, on the last day of February, 1898, Zola (whether he "appeal" or no, and thus escape imprisonment for a year) has been found "guilty," has failed to prove himself justified in the attempt to vindicate and liberate one whom he believed a wronged fellow-creature. And therefore, whatever may have happened by the time that these statements are read, I can report my humble convictions regarding the *cause célèbre*, so far as it has progressed. France, in her time, has done many mad and evil things. There is probably no great nation of modern times that has on her fame so large a number of ugly blots. This late action against Zola is by no means the ugliest, but it is still pretty black and pretty big. The talk of self-advertisement in respect to his course is deplorable when it comes from the lips of his admirers in past years—and these are millions. He simply showed us that his heart was as great as his art, and in thus speaking one feels like a mathematician who concerns himself with logarithms and the calculus. True, the father of inductive philosophy was called "the meanest of mankind," and this imputation might be urged as the most positive of all proofs that he was not Shakespeare. Zola, a colossal genius, has chosen to perform an act of splendid charity. France responds by martyring him. If the heaven is green and the trees are blue, he deserves "punishment." If the earth is a square and not a globe, Dreyfus is being rightfully tortured as a traitor. If water runs uphill instead of down, the French army has not shown itself to be ruled by a clique of brazen rogues. If the Atlantic is a mere mud-puddle, Zola's "trial" was not infamy and farce commingled. Well, France does not so much shock us, after all, as she *reminds* us. We recollect the country that has on its conscience the sticking through a Tuileries window of the Princess de Lamballe's head at the end of a pike. We recollect the country that scourged and starved a poor little boy to death because he chanced to be the grandson of a king before whose gilded blackguardisms it had crawled. But time, on the terrible follies and sins of France, has often wreaked terrible revenges. She will never learn wisdom. It always has to be put on the end of a bayonet, like a bit of toasted cheese, and thrust down her throat. The last time that this event happened the bayonet was German, and an immense indigestion resulted. Let her beware. If she is not careful a homeopathic remedy may be applied. She may insult every big man in her realm, including Zola, and she may shriek *Vive l'armée* and *À bas les Juifs* till she is hoarse, but she will not get her "*revanche*." She will not get it, and she does not deserve to get it; and no European nation needs, at the present hour, more than she does, to take to herself the grim yet wise words of a certain dead American poet—

"Spin, spin, Clotho, spin;
Lachesis twist and Atropos sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headman waits forever!"

Few good novels have appeared in England of late. One of the best that has recently reared its head to the light is "A Dispassionate Pilgrim." Its author, Mr. Percy White, seems to hint himself a man of signal personality, scholarly accomplishment, and experience of that unique sort which travel in other lands, not to speak of protracted residence there, so valuably bestows. Despite all such advantages, Mr. White might easily have written an indifferent novel. But he has chanced to do the precise opposite, to put a winning yet virile temperament into page after page. The youth of his hero has many touches of a Thackerayan sort, though he has no more borrowed them than did Charles Kingsley in his best work. They are spontaneously English in the best sense, and when you say that you are always apt to say a good deal. Mr. White has given us, in "A Dispassionate Pilgrim," one of those rare love-stories which are as dainty as they are discreet, as delicate as they are strong. We sometimes look at a stretch of slender filigree, and think only of its grace. Then, touching it, we have a new sensation: it is iron. So with Mr. White's facile yet strenuous prose. Here are some examples: "And thus all the rainbow towers crumbled away into suffocating dust." "Of the whole brood of morbid sentiments, jealousy, which survives a wasted affection as a *scar does a burn*, is one of the least amenable to reason." "The most important fact in life, the instinct we call love, has remained unchanged whilst little else in man's equipment has

(Continued on page 19)



Emile Zola

"I MUST HAVE THROWN MYSELF, ON MY FACE, ON THE GROUND"



DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

4474938

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

PART FIFTH

XIX



WE WENT straight to the lake, as it was called at Bly, and I daresay rightly called, though I reflect that it may in fact have been a sheet of water less remarkable than it appeared to my untraveled eyes. My acquaintance with sheets of water was small, and the pool of Bly, at all events on the few occasions of my consenting, under the protection of my pupils, to affront its surface in the old flat-bottomed boat moored there for our use, had impressed me both with its extent and its agitation. The usual place of embarkation was half a mile from the house, but I had an intimate conviction that, wherever Flora might be, she was not near home. She had not given me the slip for any small adventure, and, since the day of the very great one that I had shared with her by the pond, I had been aware, in our walks, of the quarter to which she most inclined. This was why I had now given to Mrs. Grose's steps so marked a direction—a direction that made her, when she perceived it, oppose a resistance that showed me she was freshly mystified. "You're going to the water, Miss?—you think she's in—?"

"She may be, though the depth is, I believe, nowhere very great. But what I judge most likely is that she's on the spot from which, the other day, we saw together what I told you."

"When she pretended not to see—?"

"With that astounding self-possession! I've always been sure she wanted to go back alone. And now her brother has managed it for her."

Mrs. Grose still stood where she had stopped. "You suppose they really *talk* of them?"

I could meet this with a confidence! "They say things that, if we heard them, would simply appall us."

"And if she is there—?"

"Yes?"

"Then Miss Jessel is?"

"Beyond a doubt. You shall see."

"Oh, thank you!" my friend cried, planted so firm that, taking it in, I went straight on without her. By the time I reached the pool, however, she was close behind me, and I knew that, whatever, to her apprehension, might befall me, the exposure of my association struck her as her least danger. She exhaled a moan of relief as we at last came in sight of the greater stretch of the water without a sight of the child. There was no trace of Flora on that nearer part of the bank where my observation of her had been most startling, and none on the opposite edge, where, save for a margin of some twenty yards, a thick copse came straight down. The pond, oblong in shape, had a width so scant compared to its length that, with its ends out of view, it might have been taken for a scant river. We looked at the empty expanse, and then I felt the suggestion of my friend's eyes. I knew what she meant and I replied with a negative headshake.

"No, no; wait! She has taken the boat."

My companion stared at the vacant mooring-place and then again across the lake. "Then where is it?"

"Our not seeing it is the strongest of proofs. She has used it to go over, and then has managed to hide it."

"All alone—that child?"

"She's not alone, and at such times she's not a child: she's an old, old woman." I scanned all the visible shore while Mrs. Grose took again, into the queer element I offered her, one of her plunges of submission; then I pointed out that the boat might perfectly be in a small refuge formed by one of the recesses of the pool, an indentation masked, for the hither side, by a projection of the bank and by a clump of trees growing close to the water.

"But if the boat's there, where on earth's *she*?" my colleague anxiously asked.

"That's exactly what we must learn." And I started to walk further.

"By going all the way round?"

"Certainly, far as it is. It will take us but ten minutes, but it's far enough to have made the child prefer not to walk. She went straight over."

"Laws!" cried my friend again: the chain of my logic was ever too much for her. It dragged her at my heels even now, and when we had got half way round—a devious, tiresome process, on ground much broken and by a path choked with overgrowth—I paused to give her breath. I sustained her with a grateful arm, assuring her that she might hugely help me; and this started us afresh, so that in the course of but few minutes more we reached a point from which we found the boat to be where I had supposed it. It had been intentionally left as much as possible out of sight and was tied to one of the stakes of a fence that came, just there, down to the brink and that had been an assistance to disembarking. I recognized, as I looked at the pair of short, thick oars, quite safely drawn up, the prodigious character of the feat for a little girl; but I had lived, by this time, too long among wonders and had panted to too many livelier measures. There was a gate in the fence, through which we passed, and that brought us, after a trifling interval, more into the open. Then "There she is!" we both exclaimed at once.

Flora, a short way off, stood before us on the grass and smiled as if her performance were now complete. The next thing she did, however, was to stoop straight down and pluck—quite as if it were all she was there for—a big spray of ugly withered fern. I instantly made sure she had just come out of the copse. She waited for us, not herself taking a step, and I was conscious of the rare solemnity with which we presently approached her. She smiled and smiled, and we met; but it was all done in a silence by this time flagrantly ominous. Mrs. Grose was the first to break the spell: she threw herself on her knees and, drawing the child to her breast, clasped in a long embrace the little tender, yielding body. While this dumb convulsion lasted I could only watch it—which I did the more intently when I saw Flora's face peep at me over our companion's shoulder. It was serious now—the flicker had left it; but it strengthened the pang with which I at that moment envied Mrs. Grose the simplicity of *her* relation. Still, all this while, nothing more passed between us save that Flora had let her foolish fern again drop to the ground. What she and I had virtually said to each other was that pretenses were useless now. When Mrs. Grose finally got up she kept the child's hand, so that the

two were still before me; and the singular reticence of our communion was even more marked in the frank look she launched. "I'll be hanged," it said, "if I'll speak!"

It was Flora who, gazing all over me in candid wonder, was the first. She was struck with our bareheaded aspect. "Why, where are your things?"

"Where yours are, my dear!" I promptly returned.

She had already got back her gayety and appeared to take this as an answer quite sufficient. "And where's Miles?" she went on.

There was something in the small valor of it that quite finished me: these three words from her were, in a flash like the glitter of a drawn blade, the jostle of the cup that my hand, for weeks and weeks, had held high and full to the brim and that now, even before speaking, I felt overflow in a deluge. "I'll tell you if you'll tell me—" I heard myself say; then heard the tremor in which it broke.

"Well, what?"

Mrs. Grose's suspense blazed at me, but it was too late now, and I brought it out handsomely. "Where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?"

XX

JUST as in the churchyard with Miles, the whole thing was upon us. Much as I had made of the fact that this name had never once, between us, been sounded, the quick, smitten glare with which the child's face now received it fairly likened my breach of the silence to the smash of a pane of glass. It added to the interposing cry, as if to stay the blow, that Mrs. Grose, at the same instant, uttered over my violence—the shriek of a creature scared, or rather wounded, which, in turn, within a few seconds, was completed by a gasp of my own. I seized my colleague's arm. "She's there, she's there!"

Miss Jessel stood before us on the opposite bank exactly as she had stood the other time, and I remember, strangely, as the first feeling now produced in me, my thrill of joy at having brought on a proof. She was there, and I was justified; she was there, and I was neither cruel nor mad. She was there for poor scared Mrs. Grose, but she was there most for Flora; and no moment of my monstrous time was perhaps so extraordinary as that in which I consciously threw out to her, with the sense that—pale and ravenous demon as she was, she would catch and understand it—an inarticulate message of gratitude. She rose erect on the spot my friend and I had lately quitted, and there was not, in all the long reach of her desire, an inch of her evil that fell short. This first vividness of vision and emotion were things of a few seconds, during which Mrs. Grose's dazed blink across to where I pointed struck me as a sovereign sign that she too at last saw, just as it carried my own eyes precipitately to the child. The revelation then of the manner in which Flora was affected startled me, in truth, far more than it would have done to find her also merely agitated, for direct dismay was of course not what I had expected. Prepared and on her guard as our pursuit had actually made her, she would repress every betrayal; and I was therefore immediately shaken by my first glimpse of the particular one for which I had not allowed. To see her, without a convulsion of her small pink face, not even feign to glance in the direction of the prodigy I announced, but only, instead of that, turn at me an expression of hard, still gravity, an expression absolutely new and unprecedented and that appeared to read and accuse and judge me—this was a stroke that somehow converted the little girl herself into the very presence that could make me quail. I quailed even though my certitude that she thoroughly saw was never greater than at that instant, and in the immediate need to defend myself I called it passionately to witness. "She's there, you little unhappy thing—there, there, *there*, and you see her as well as you see me!" I had said shortly before to Mrs. Grose that she was not at these times a child, but an old, old woman, and that description of her could not have been more strikingly confirmed than in the way in which, for all answer to this, she simply showed me, without a concession, an admission, of her eyes, a countenance of deeper and deeper, of indeed suddenly quite fixed reprobation. I was by this time—if I can put the thing at all together—more appalled at what I may properly call her manner than at anything else, though it was simultaneously with this that I became aware of having Mrs. Grose also, and very formidably, to reckon with. My elder companion, the next moment, at any rate, blotted out everything but her own flushed face and her loud, shocked protest, a burst of high disapproval. "What a dreadful turn, to be sure, Miss! Where on earth do you see anything?"

I could only grasp her more quickly yet, for even while she spoke the hideous plain presence stood undimmed and undaunted. It had already lasted a minute, and it lasted while I continued—seizing my colleague, quite thrusting her at it and presenting her to it—to insist with my pointing hand. "You don't see her exactly as *we* see? You mean to say you don't now—*now*? She's as big as a blazing fire! Only look, dearest woman, *look*—" She looked, even as I did, and gave me, with her deep groan of negation, repulsion, compassion—the mixture with her pity of her relief at her exemption—a sense,

touching to me even then, that she would have backed me up if she could. I might well have needed that, for with this hard blow of the proof that her eyes were hopelessly sealed, I felt my own situation horribly crumble, I felt—I saw—my livid predecessor press, from her position, on my defeat, and I was conscious, more than all, of what I should have from this instant to deal with in the astounding little attitude of Flora. Into this attitude Mrs. Grose immediately and violently entered, breaking, even while there pierced through my sense of ruin a prodigious private triumph, into breathless reassurance.

"She isn't there, little lady, and nobody's there—and you never see nothing, my sweet! How *can* poor Miss Jessel—when poor Miss Jessel's dead and buried? We know, don't we, love?"—and she appealed, blundering in, to the child. "It's all a mere mistake and a worry and a joke—and we'll go home as fast as we can!"

Our companion, on this, had responded with a strange, quick primness of propriety, and they were again, with Mrs. Grose on her feet, united, as it were, in pained opposition to me. Flora continued to fix me with her small mask of reprobation, and even at that minute I prayed God to forgive me for seeming to see that, as she stood there holding tight to our friend's dress, her incomparable childish beauty had suddenly failed, had quite vanished. I've said it already—she was literally, she was hideously hard; she had turned common and almost ugly. "I don't know what you mean. I see nobody. I see nothing. I never *have*. I think you're cruel. I don't like you!" Then, after this deliverance, which might have been that of a vulgarly pert little girl in the street, she hugged Mrs. Grose more closely and buried in her skirts the dreadful little face. In this position she produced an almost furious wail. "Take me away, take me away—oh, take me away from *her*!"

"From *me*?" I panted.

"From you—from you!" she cried.

Even Mrs. Grose looked across at me dismayed; while I had nothing to do but communicate again with the figure that, on the opposite bank, without a movement, as rigidly still as if catching, beyond the interval, our voices, was as vivid for my disaster as it was unattainable for my service. The wretched child had spoken exactly as if she had got from some outside source each of her stabbing little words, and I could therefore, in the full despair of all I had to accept, but sadly shake my head at her. "If I had ever doubted, all my doubt would at present have gone. I've been living with the miserable truth, and now it has only too much closed round me. Of course I've lost you: I've interfered, and you've seen—under *her* dictation"—with which I faced, over the pool again, our infernal witness—"the easy and perfect way to meet it. I've done my best but I've lost you. Good-by." For Mrs. Grose I had an imperative, and almost frantic "Go, go!" before which, in infinite distress, but mutely possessed of the little girl and clearly convinced, in spite of her blindness, that something awful had occurred and some collapse engulfed us, she retreated, by the way we had come, as fast as she could move.

Of what first happened when I was left alone I had no subsequent memory. I only knew that at the end of, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, an odorous dampness and roughness, chilling and piercing my misery, had made me understand that I must have thrown myself, on my face, on the ground and given way to a wildness of grief. I must have lain there long and cried and sobbed, for when I raised my head the day was almost done. I got up and looked a moment, through the twilight, at the gray pool and its blank, haunted edge, and then I took, back to the house, my dreary and difficult course. When I reached the gate in the fence the boat, to my surprise, was gone, so that I had a fresh reflection to make on Flora's extraordinary command of the situation. She passed that night, by the most tacit, and I should add, were not the word so grotesque a false note, the happiest of arrangements, with Mrs. Grose. I saw neither on my return, but, on the other hand, as by an ambiguous compensation, I saw a great deal of Miles. I saw—I can use no other phrase—so much of him that it was as if it were more than it had ever been. No evening I had passed at Bly had the portentous quality of this one; in spite of which—and in spite also of the deeper depths of consternation that had opened beneath my feet—there was literally, in the ebbing actual, an extraordinarily sweet sadness. On reaching the house I had never so much as looked for the boy; I had simply gone straight to my room to change what I was wearing and to take in, at a glance, much material testimony to Flora's withdrawal. When later, by the schoolroom fire, I was served with tea by the usual maid, I indulged, on the article of my other pupil, in no inquiry whatever. He had his freedom now—he might have it to the end! Well, he did have it; and it consisted—in part at least—of his coming in at about eight o'clock and sitting down with me in silence. On the removal of the tea-things I had blown out the candles and drawn my chair closer: I was conscious of a mortal coldness and felt as if I should never again be warm. So, when he appeared, I was sitting in the glow with my thoughts. He paused a moment by the door as if to look at me; then—as if to share them—came to the other side of the hearth and sank into a chair. We sat there in absolute stillness; yet he wanted, I felt, to be with me.

(Continued next week.)

been permanent. His long and weary progress through the ages has modified the rest; but two thousand years of Christianity and six hundred years of civilization, have left unimpaired the tremendous energy which gives continuity to the human race."

... Mr. White's book begins like an idyl, though the stream of it winds, a little later, through some rather craggy banks of drama. Its breeziness and its power keep always in adroit harmony. But the work has often far more in it than mere skill, and something better than actual power. You feel that it could only have been written by one whose healthy outlook upon life vied with a native large-heartedness no custom could stale. Even the half-cynic sadness which overfilms the real joy of its ending is almost as fragile and impermanent as the first hoar-frost of incipient autumn. Perhaps the validest claim to be advanced for it is, that it is a story at once manful and sweet.

Not a few refined and thoughtful Englishmen refuse to grant (notwithstanding all recent "international" marriages) that American women can for an instant be advantageously compared with the women of their own land. As one lives longer in England one begins to understand this feeling. Breeziness, volatility, "go," in our softer sex appeal to the ordinary London man-of-the-world, yet they are apt to strike him as vulgar. And vulgar they too often are, when their exponent, if she be of the "Four Hundred" or "Knickerbocker" type, would most hotly resent such suspicion. "What!" she would answer, in scorn. "Is there the faintest flavor about me of Chicago or San Francisco? Have I not a musical voice, totally guiltless of the least 'burr'? Can I not hold myself with elegance? Do I not enter a drawing-room, or leave it, with entire 'finish' and ease? Show me an Englishwoman of the 'best form' who surpasses me in any quality of etiquette and style." But to this challenge, implied if not spoken, there is a kind of Englishman who would think, though he would not presume to utter, the following reply: "Yes, my dear lady, you are all that you believe yourself, and yet you are more spurious than you guess. You model yourself—and your instructors have modeled you—after the manner of our nicest and finest women. But *au fond*, you do not resemble them in the least. To us a pretty, agreeable, educated western woman is far more attractive than you, this eastern, New York-Boston-Philadelphia product. The western lady is something natural, representative. You are merely an Anglomaniac sham. We are not interested by Anglomaniacs. All good Englishfolk are those themselves—or ought to be. Then there is another point. Your imitation carries with it no illusion whatever. We don't like our women specially because of those exterior attractions which your parents and guardians and governesses on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere have taught you to ape. We take all that, in our women, quite for granted. We realize, after five minutes' talk with you, that you find our women dull and tame. For this very reason we quickly detect the brummagem of your veneer. To us our women are not tame. All in all we consider them tremendously good fellows. But are you, as a rule, good fellows? Not a bit of it!"

And then, let us suppose, the meditative soliloquy continues thus: "Why, Miss Manhattan, Mrs. Beaconstreet, and all the rest of you dear, delightful creatures, do you come to us, summer after summer? Do you fancy we are not fully aware just why? ... Very well; *passons outre*. We will speak only of yourselves, leaving your ambitions, matrimonial or social, quite aside. Lots of you bore us nearly to death after we have dropped in on you two or three times at your handsome rooms in the Savoy Hotel, or your cozier ones in Half Moon Street. We are not considering the point of your being unmarried and enormously rich; that is *à part*; let us leave mere brutal buying and selling of titles and 'position' wholly out of the affair; let us speak of things more natural and human. For example, of the women who please Englishmen most. They are not those who flatter; flattery only means scolding turned inside out. Besides, it gets on our nerves; we have to live up to it, and all that rot. No; let me tell you the kind of women we like: those who *accept us just as we are*, who don't talk to us much about ourselves, who let us alone, with our foibles and fads, who discuss with us (*unless we choose differently, mind!*) things and places and ideas. The essence of all perfect intimacy between man and woman is letting each other alone. Love, passion, is never *bon camarade*; it is forever 'nagging' and interfering. If you want to find a pair of mutual Paul Prys, take two adoring lovers. Now, the American woman, as we comprehend her, flirts, wishes to be made love to, and there is her limit. She isn't what an Englishman might call 'comfortable.' She is always at high-pressure in everything that she does, thinks or says. At least, we define her so. Of course, if you're in love with her it's all another kind of *galère*. But ten to one, if you're not, she'll be bored by you, and show it; and that's just what we hate, and just what our women, as a class, don't do."

There are two hideous wrongs on which the sun of this ending century should not be allowed to set. One is war, and one is anti-Semitism. England headed the whole civilized world, nearly a century ago, by her liberal policy toward Hebrews.

The United States, which had no legal barriers to break away in their behalf, nevertheless kept up others which might safely be called tangible though unseen. One bright fact remains, however, which reflects itself from our literary annals upon our civic ones. I mean a poem of the most exquisite and exalted sort, written by the most felicitous and perhaps the truest poet whom America has ever produced. I mean, of course, Longfellow's unforgettable lyric, "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport." Never were philanthropy and humanity wedded to a more perfect form of artistic expression. "The Skeleton in Armor" has been called Longfellow's finest lyric, but this splendidly compassionate poem far surpasses it in ethical worth, and fully equals it in technical strength. Let any one whose memory its adorable music has deserted turn to it and read it once again, with that poignant ending of its first stanza,

"Silent beside these never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down."

Afterward delight will be sure to lead him on, and pathos as well. "These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind" is a line, I think, which should be printed in letters of gold on some slab or archway of the simple little graveyard. It is a verse which covers with six words the whole abomination and melancholy of the Jews' lot, sheer along from Nero's first persecution of their race to the present folly and cruelty by which they are beset. In recent years they have been assailed by Russia, Austria, and Germany. Now France adds her disgraceful sneer, her pitiable threat. Still, it is well to confront this international ferment calmly, and to seek some reason for the somber developments which now stain modern European progress. The masses, in nearly all notable events, have been wrong; and "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" is one of those tricky phrases which contain about as much solid wisdom as "Mary had a little lamb." But the prejudices of the masses are always worth investigation, and this new anti-Semitic outbreak is perforce replete with interest for every faithful student of human aim and caprice.

It has lately been urged that religious fanaticism is by no means at the root of so widespread and increasing a hate. A stubborn tendency to intermarry on the part of all Jews, we hear, has wrought suspicion and discontent. From these sources hostile rancor has all too easily sprung. Disraeli, once Prime Minister of England, was a Jew, but he married a Christian lady. I am not sure if in so doing he renounced his religion; the chances are that he never had much of any to renounce. But he wrote with stinging defense of the whole strangely disseminated tribe, and among his most brilliant declarations we find this: "The Jews gave a God to the Christians, and a God whose mission was to preach tolerance, charity, universal brotherhood." No one would dream, however, of calling the author of "Coningsby" and "Lothair" a representative Jew. There is slight doubt that very few Hebrews would sanction intermarriages between their women and the members of any other sect. Little is known concerning the character of their worship, and they take excellent care that little shall continue to be known. They hold themselves, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, as the "chosen people" of the Deity, and regard as disgraced in the sight of their church any Hebrew who shall wed outside its august pale. Ages of hideous degradation may have brought about this perfervid exclusiveness, yet the claim is now presented against them that relatively modern cessation of all obloquy and ostracism should by this time have wrought more wholesome results. But, no; whether he be Englishman, German, Russian, Spaniard or Frenchman, it is insisted, a Jew never forgets that he is a Jew. Then comes the question (intensely irritating to many who examine it) of their general occupations. It is alleged that they have never really taken root in any of the countries which they have so copiously overspread, and that they produce the effect, *en masse*, of forever waiting some kind of summons, divine or otherwise, which shall gather them together once more in the Palestine from which, hundreds of decades ago, they forlornly wandered. A London weekly journal has of late touched on this point in the following relentless terms:

"How many Jews in England are farmers? How many agricultural laborers? Is there one? How many are there in the army and navy? Do we find them as colonists, except where there is a gold, or diamond mining boom? No, they are financiers, lawyers, journalists, players, usurers, fruit merchants, or makers of clothes. Like Autolycus, they are the 'gatherers up of unconsidered trifles' in the countries which they have made their homes."

And yet in England, the same authority goes on to affirm, Jews are given the widest latitude for exploitation of their talents. Already they control the money-market, and journalism counts among them scores of its most active agents. Many of them are to-day in the House of Commons. Many of them have gained possession of theatres. To many of them the soil and the best mansions built upon it are mortgaged. Yet they still remain (not only in England, but in all of their continental homes) a mystic sort of freemasonry, natives yet aliens, despising the idea of mingling their blood with that of any race save their own. To such accusations why will none of them give adequate answer? Surely a climax has been reached when silence is neither dignity nor discretion.

LONDON, MARCH 9, 1908.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



AFTER THE EVENING MEAL

ENGINEERING IN NICARAGUA

BY W. NEPHEW KING



HE recent departure for Nicaragua of another United States Commission, to survey the proposed route for an interoceanic canal, merits more than a passing notice. The last Commission, appointed by President Cleveland, it will be remembered, made only a hasty reconnaissance of the Isthmus, yet did not hesitate to condemn the previous careful and accurate surveys of eminent engineers. While the project was not declared infeasible, its estimated cost, according to their report, was more than twice that of other examinations. This, of course, precluded any immediate Congressional action, and the great enterprise—so vital to our commercial and naval supremacy—was pigeonholed until some future Administration should have the temerity to prove or disprove their quasi-unfavorable examination.

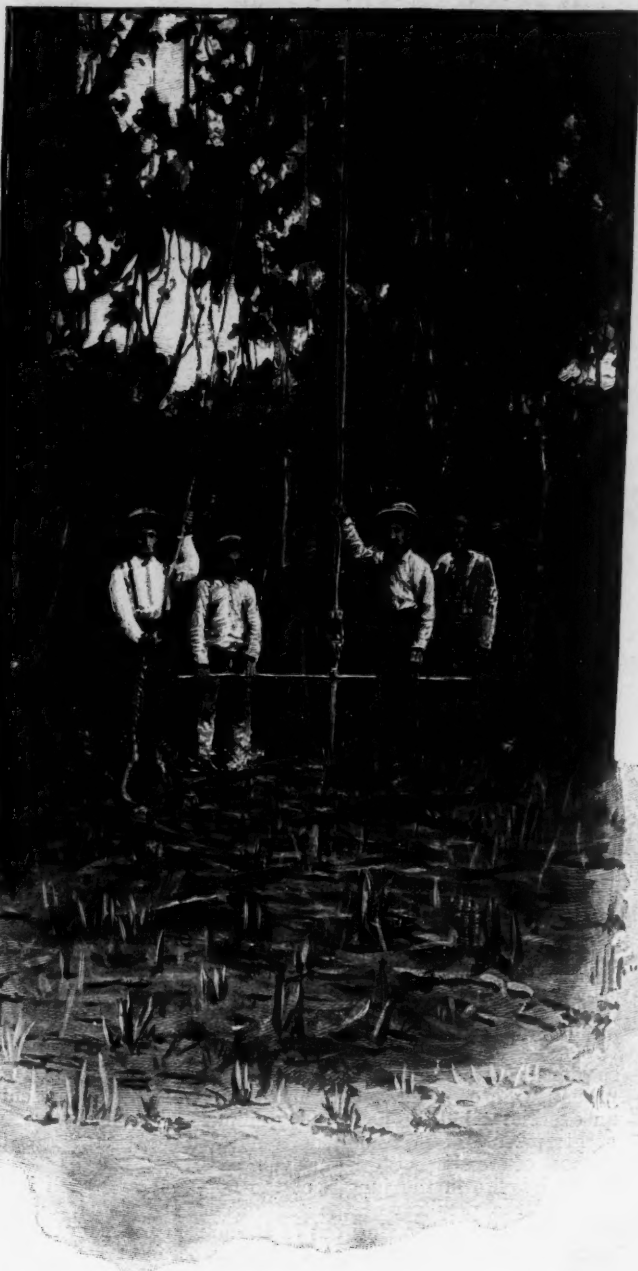
Aside from the engineering features to be examined by the present Commission, it may be the means of untangling an intricate international question—one with our traditional enemy, Great Britain. Nicaragua, for a reason that has never been explained, recently granted a concession to the Atlas Steamship Company (a British corporation) for the exclusive navigation of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. The validity of this charter is questioned by the Maritime Canal Company; in fact, a protest has been filed with the State Department at



LIEUTENANT PEARY IN SURVEYOR'S OUTFIT

Washington. Should the Atlas Company be sustained, it may delay, if not prevent, the United States from building the canal, or even guaranteeing its construction by an American company, as every survey of this section of the Isthmus has utilized a part of the San Juan River and the entire lake. Within the past month, it is said, this same company has made another offer of \$1,500,000 for the purchase of the railroads connecting the two oceans, and all the steamers now employed in Nicaraguan waters. This is evidently a little scheme of the British government to embarrass the United States, and should be "nipped in the bud" by the present Commission, which has already declared that the canal can be constructed for less than \$50,000,000.

The question of piercing the American continent, across this narrow strip of land, is as old as history itself. Ever since the days when the hardy adventurers of old Spain sought, in vain, to solve the "secret of the strait"—that mysterious passage which the Indians believed extended from ocean to ocean—nations have pursued this "will-o'-the-wisp"; and the experience of the early explorers in primeval forests would form a thrilling story. As early as 1551, when communication by water was declared a myth, Gomara pronounced the San Juan River the only feasible route across the American Isthmus. Twice since his day has this stream borne upon its bosom the rich commerce of the world; and



BORING FOR ROCK

the great arctic explorer Peary, with whom I had the honor of being associated as correspondent of the New York "Herald" during the survey of 1887-88, says: "The time is close at hand when this great river shall be white with sails and alive with the throbbing propellers of a mighty traffic." Lord Nelson, realizing the strategic value of Nicaragua, initiated his brilliant career by seizing the mouth of the San Juan River, and, later, at the siege of Castillo, a few miles above the sea, lost that eye which made history for England at the battle of Copenhagen. In 1846 an effort was made to liberate Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward Emperor, that he might accept a concession to build a canal across Nicaragua.

Despite the difference of opinion among experts as to the part of the Isthmus which offers the least engineering difficulties, Nicaragua has ever been the choice of those whose experience and ability command attention. De Lesseps, the "Napoleon of the shovel," favored Panama, but the unsolved problem of the control of the Chagres River, and the burial of the project in a desert of financial ruin, prove that the great Frenchman was

more a diplomat than an engineer. And such a chimerical scheme as the ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec could have been proposed by none save a man with the fame of Captain Eads. The abandonment of this project followed closely upon his death, so that to Nicaragua the commercial world now turns, as it did centuries ago, for a solution of the problem of water transit from ocean to ocean. Though the Atlantic trade-winds almost blend the roar of the surf at Greytown with the cooling breezes of the Pacific, as it breaks on the pebbled beach at Brito, this narrow strip of land still guards the "secret of the strait," but the work of the present Commission may throw new light upon the apparently insurmountable barriers that nature has placed along the line of the Isthmus, and thus far defied the brain of man.

Whatever may be the changes, as to details, in the cost and construction of the great work, it is fair to presume that the general plan will consist in the reconstruction and deepening of the terminal harbors at Greytown and Brito, a straight cut across the country to Ochoa, where an immense dam will raise the waters of the San Juan to those of the lake—this being the summit level—and the utilization of the beds of several smaller rivers on the Pacific slope. The work at Greytown, where the surf is ever roaring over a shallow bar, will be of a dangerous character, for it was there that Captain Crossman and several boats' crews from a United States warship were lost.

Rear-admiral Walker's Commission has reached Greytown just at the end of the rainy season, when all of the rivers, small streams, and their affluents are greatly swollen. This will enable the engineering parties, in their steel canoes, to penetrate the interior of the country without serious difficulty; none save those who have been through this experience can fully realize what navigation means on the Isthmus. Your boat glides

swiftly along propelled by muscular Indians, when a sudden bend in the river reveals the presence of an immense tree across the stream—completely blocking the way. The

men are quickly in the water making an examination of the situation. If the wood is old and rotten machetes soon tunnel out an opening, and, with all hands lying on their backs, the boat is hauled through amid a shower of dead fiber interspersed with a few poisonous insects. Should the tree, however, prove to be of a wood so hard that it will turn the edge of the sharpest blade—as is often the case—officers and men are compelled to remove surveying instruments, provisions and luggage to the slimy surface of the log, and lift the canoe over by hand. On the other side the cargo is replaced and the journey continued, only to meet a similar, or perhaps greater, barrier a few hundred yards beyond. This tedious operation goes on from daylight until dark. Added to these almost insurmountable obstacles, from time to time you will find yourself high and dry upon some shallow spit over which the boat must be lifted bodily.

And of the routine work of the engineers in the dense jungles of the Isthmus—what shall I say? To be appreciated, it must be experienced. Those days of hard physical labor, exposed to the blistering rays of a tropic sun, and sleepless nights in damp forests, with the roar of wild animals on all sides, are not calculated to inspire the sweetest of dreams. Civil engineering, at its best, is beset with many hardships, but in a country of dense tropical vegetation, where primeval forest trees have stood for countless ages, and vines, gnarled and twisted, have matted themselves into an almost impassable barrier, not even mellowed by a ray of sunshine, the running of a transit line is attended with more than ordinary difficulty. The practical part is done



THE GENERAL CAMP

by "macheteros." With costumes consisting of little more than hats and boots, these fellows cut and slash a path through the jungle. At every opening, their ebony backs glisten in the sunlight like the surface of a polished stone. The chief engineer, with pocket compass and aneroid, skirmishes ahead to establish the direction of the line. As soon as the site for a stake is selected, the leading "macheteros" begin cutting a narrow picket toward the sound of his voice. When they reach the spot, a stake is driven, upon which is placed a small white flag, and the men cut back in the direction of the others. They, in turn, clear away trees, vines, and branches, so that the transit men may be able to take a sight with the theodolite. The chainmen follow, and, at intervals of one hundred feet, drive other stakes. After them come the levelers, taking elevations, depressions, and cross-sections. Once more the chief advances, selects another spot, and the leading "macheteros" are again cutting in the direction of his voice. Thus is the work carried on from day to day. After the evening meal, if the distance is not too great, the party returns to camp and gathers around the draughting table, some with heads tied up in towels, others wearing boots or leggings for protection against poisonous insects, as they plot the work on the rough chart.

After the day's labor comes the battle of the night. And there is no lingering twilight—no "gloaming" to dream of the past—for in the Tropics darkness, as deep and impenetrable as that which once overshadowed Egypt, comes without a warning. The day winks—and it is over. Before the night fires are lighted regiments and battalions of ravenous mosquitoes, congo flies, gnats, and other insects, realizing that a diet of fair Anglo-Saxon flesh would be a red-letter event in their ephemeral existence, march in through the tent flies and ventilating flaps. Under nets alone is there temporary peace and comfort, and even then, after being snugly tucked away, you are often greeted with visions of spiders, lizards, and sometimes a poisonous tarantula, clamoring for admission. About midnight you begin to appreciate the fact that your net has caught more insects than it has kept out; and, in hopes of removing them, you step out of the cot only to find yourself ankle-deep in soft mud, with the cheering prospect of disturbing the slumber of some huge snake that has quietly stolen in during the night to escape the rain. Once more under the meshes, you forget your troubles and are dreaming of a richly furnished room and snowy linen far away in the bleak North. Just as the morning sun, through damask curtains, casts a flood of light upon the softly tinted walls, and you are about to slip your feet into the morning sandals, an ebony-hued Jamaican thrusts his woolly head into your tent and exclaims in the peculiar accent of his native isle: "Gud marnin, barse! Fibe clock, barse! Kafy, barse!"

This exhilarating draught is administered, according to the medical instructions, under mosquito nets while the malaria impregnates the air and has not been driven away by the hot sun. After a plunge in the cooling waters of the San Juan, the body is rubbed down and anointed for the day's work. Returning to the tent, boots are inverted and carefully searched for the "alacran" or scorpion of the Isthmus. This little insect, which looks like a diminutive lobster, is four or five inches long, and has a sting in the tail. It is not poisonous, yet its bite has a peculiar effect upon the nervous system, the victim acting as though under the influence of a powerful narcotic. The tongue becomes partially paralyzed, and, for twenty-four hours, articulation is difficult. In the afternoon, when the day's work is over, officers and men again take a plunge in the San Juan, and by the time flannel sleeping suits are donned, the Jamaican cook has placed upon an improvised table smoking dishes of venison, wild turkey, or "choncho." The last-mentioned dish is prepared from the meat of the wild hog—one of the greatest delicacies in the Tropics—a blend of young venison and quail. I enjoyed it for a long time, until one day while hunting I ran across a drove of hogs. After a volley from our rifles, we found four of them lying on the ground. Owing to the great distance from the camp and the weight of the animals the men decided to remove their entrails. Scarcely had the knife made an incision before out popped a number of wriggling young serpents. Then I learned, for the first time, that wild hogs fed upon snakes, and that to this diet the flesh owed its delicate flavor. Had I remained in ignorance of this fact I might still treasure the memory of many delightful meals.

In the evening, after coffee and pipes, comes the single moment of rest and retrospection. Around the camp fire the engineers relate their experiences of the day, their hardships, and hair-breadth escapes from poisonous snakes, while the tiger howls in the distant jungle and the black monkey roars in the nearby forest. Now and then, upon the eve of holidays in particular, an impromptu egg-nog is served and the drowsy tinkle of the guitar accompanies, for the nonce, the song of the Tropic mosquito. The memory of these "fiestas" in the wilderness recalls an amusing incident at Camp Carazo during the last survey under Lieutenant Peary.

It was Christmas eve, and the officers and men, after a hard day's work in the swamps of the Rio San Juanillo, were sitting in front of their tents. The night was calm, and at our feet, in the bright moonlight, the great river lay like a silver serpent. The Southern Cross was high in the heavens, and the pale North star, almost on the horizon, awakened memories of loved ones

far away. From out the dark forest came the fragrance of wild Tropic flowers—a perfume which exists only in the swamps of the Isthmus. We had bidden the officers of Camp Taylor, across the river, to join in the festivities, and tiger stories were the order of the evening.

"As long as the night fires are kept burning," said an old engineer, who had seen service on many expeditions, "a camp is perfectly safe. Should they go out, however, you are sure of being annoyed by some night wanderer."

With this final warning, our guests manned their canoe and departed. After piling an extra number of logs upon the fire, which was then burning brightly, we retired to our tents, filled with egg-nog and thoughts of the dangers recently discussed. Is it strange that our dreams were all of wild animals?

About two o'clock in the morning we were awakened by a sound as of crackling bones just outside of the fly. Every engineer instinctively grasped his rifle and attempted to peer out through his thickly meshed net.

"It's a tiger," was said scarcely above a whisper.

Yes! In the dim moonlight could be faintly traced the outline of a wild animal.

In an instant the camp was aroused, and an army in red flannel sleeping suits was mobilized for battle. By this time the frightened tiger had retreated to the edge of the forest, where he seemed determined to continue his meal. The warriors started in pursuit, and just as a dozen rifles were leveled at the inoffensive animal the moon emerged from a dark cloud and we saw—the only pet dog in the expedition.

It was difficult to discover the man who gave the first alarm, as we returned to our tents laughing over the incident. This little comedy, however, almost resulted in a tragedy; for during the excitement a rifle was accidentally discharged beneath the hammock of one of the men, who, in his sleep, declared that he was shot. We carried the fellow to the surgeon's tent, but, upon examination, it was found that the bullet had just grazed the fleshy part of his calf. After that neither the roar of tigers nor the crackling of bones ever disturbed the slumber of Camp Carazo.

Another subject that few dared discuss around the mess table at Camp Carazo was that of hunting wild hogs.

"These woods are infested with *chonchos*," remarked a veteran of many surveys, as the engineers were clearing away the dense undergrowth previous to establishing camp.

"There they are now," he cried, as two hogs were seen quietly feasting on wild acorns a few hundred yards away.

The young engineers quickly grasped their rifles and started in pursuit. In a short time they returned, dragging after them two animals, which the old engineer pronounced magnificent specimens of the "genus *choncho*." A few days later a Nicaraguan, who owned an estate about two miles away, presented an exorbitant bill for pork. The animals, it seems, were two of his private stock, imported from the United States for the purpose of crossing with the native breed.

Such is life in the jungles of the Isthmus; and such it will be until the prophecy of the great Peary is fulfilled, and that wondrous stream, flowing out of the purple peaks of Ometepe and Madera, becomes the gateway of the oceans.

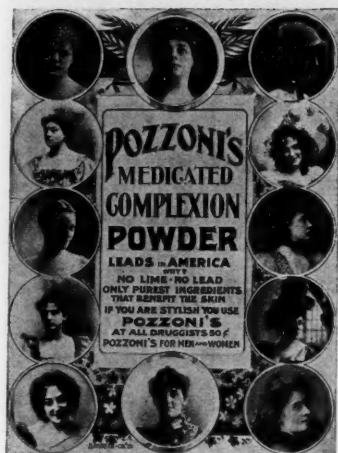
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OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

The cases of spring millinery are literally bowers of flowers, which were never more beautiful than now. The field flowers are chiefly used in adorning the hats for young people. A crinoline straw with a large flat brim is trimmed with two large puffed bows of white silk and a graceful garland of morning-glories artistically entwined with their own foliage and deftly twisted round the crown. A coarse straw in russet brown has for its trimming a wreath of poppies, cornflowers, daisies, and grasses, among which are arranged loops of black velvet with good effect. The new Bicycle hat is both startling and stylish: a sailor shape in navy blue and white straw, the under brim of navy blue only; round the crown sashes of silk in navy blue, china blue, sea-green, burned-orange, and primrose are arranged in folds and twisted in a knot at the left side, which is adorned with curled black quills. The ends of the sashes are fringed and fall over the brim at the back. This striking hat is worn well over the forehead, and looked very smart on a fair maiden who tried it on and pronounced it "the cutest, sweetest, most stylish hat."

A new veil has made its appearance. It is of net, in white or black, and figured with a lace pattern, and is two yards long; it is pinned across the hat at the back and brought round to the front, where it is tied in a large bow under the chin. The children's hats in white, light blue, and pink are made in dainty lawns with knife-plaited frills edged with narrow lace for the brims, and large rosettes or bows, either of the material or ribbon, for trimming.

A sunshade is not the least important article of a woman's dress, and often mars or makes the effect

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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of a costume. The newest style is called the "Aspasia," the points of which turn out to give a Japanese effect; this sunshade is composed entirely of tiny frills of ribbon about half an inch wide, and is exceedingly pretty, either in white, black, parma violet shade, or cyclamen pink, and useful as well as ornamental. Roman striped silks and tartans are also much in vogue for sun umbrellas, which is not surprising, as they will go with almost any gown. The long flat handles in mother-o'-pearl or tortoise-shell, overlaid with traceries of silver, are charming, and newer than the ball tops and crooks.

The display of Easter eggs in every size and color, cards, and gifts reminds us that another festival is near at hand, and we shall

all join in rejoicings. How I hope that the poor suffering Cubans will be free before Easter day, and happy under the flag of stars and stripes! Yours always,
MARJORIE.

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My little girl, eleven years old, has had all her life a very serious and stubborn constipation. I had given everything I could think of, and still once in about two or three weeks she would wake at night crying pitifully with pain, and for two or three hours would suffer intensely until finally relieved by frequent enemas. All this was very wearing. My brother insisted I should try Ripans Tabules and finally he got them for me. I tried them, giving her two every night for awhile, then two every other night, then she took them herself when she felt like it. It is now about three months since she has had any trouble, and her bowels are in a very healthy condition. Her color is good and she is gaining flesh. As I have given her no other medicine I ascribe her improved condition wholly to Ripans Tabules.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (30 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 18 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.



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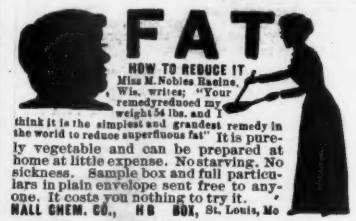
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